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Greatest Circulation in the World

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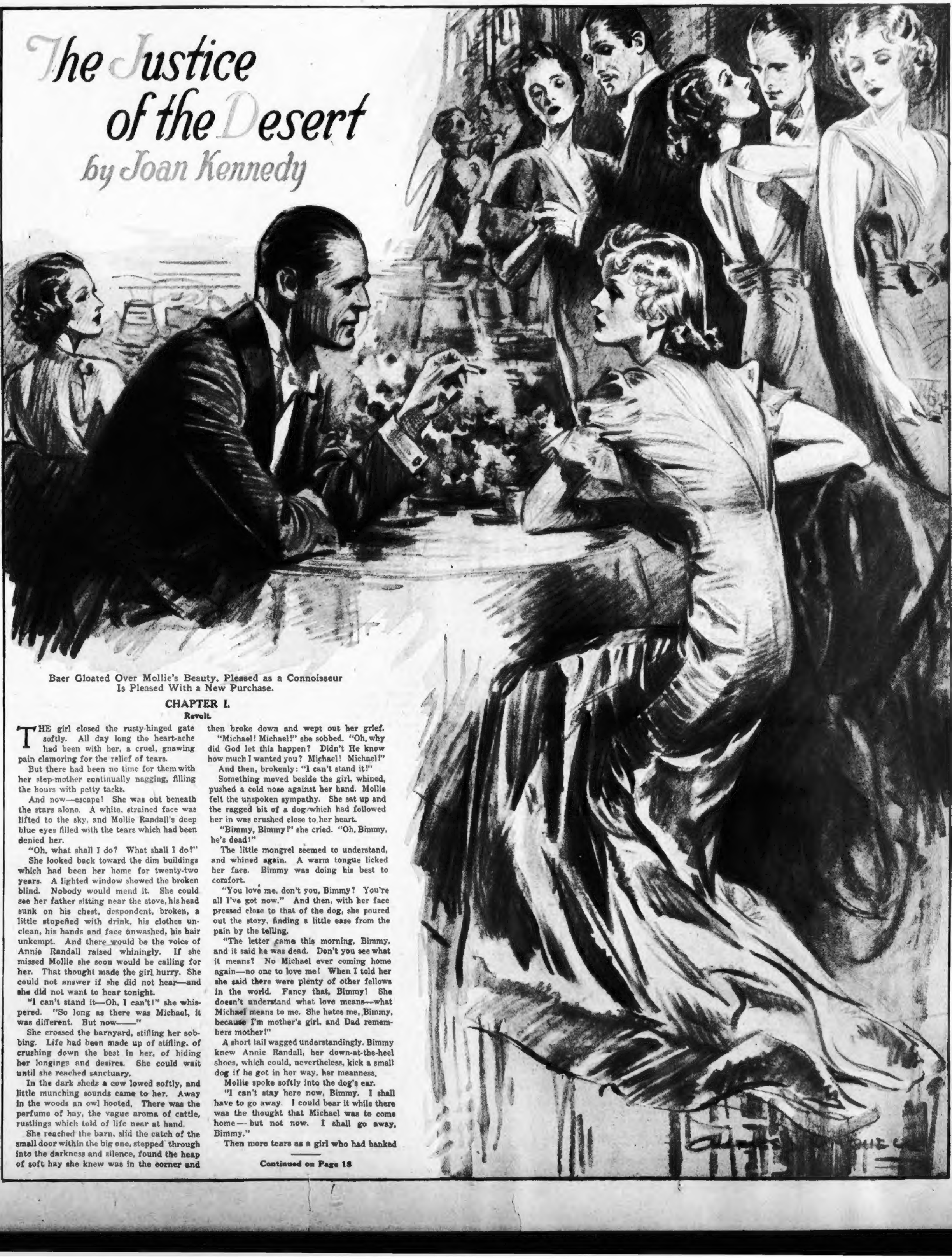
Sunday, Nov. 13, 1932

The Justice of the Desert

by Joan Kennedy



Baer Gloated Over Mollie's Beauty, Pleased as a Connoisseur Is Pleased With a New Purchase.

CHAPTER I.

Revolt.

THE girl closed the rusty-hinged gate softly. All day long the heart-ache had been with her, a cruel, gnawing pain clamoring for the relief of tears.

But there had been no time for them with her step-mother continually nagging, filling the hours with petty tasks.

And now—escape! She was out beneath the stars alone. A white, strained face was lifted to the sky, and Mollie Randall's deep blue eyes filled with the tears which had been denied her.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She looked back toward the dim buildings which had been her home for twenty-two years. A lighted window showed the broken blind. Nobody would mend it. She could see her father sitting near the stove, his head sunk on his chest, despondent, broken, a little stupefied with drink, his clothes unclean, his hands and face unwashed, his hair unkempt. And there would be the voice of Annie Randall raised whiningly. If she missed Mollie she soon would be calling for her. That thought made the girl hurry. She could not answer if she did not hear—and she did not want to hear tonight.

"I can't stand it—Oh, I can't!" she whispered. "So long as there was Michael, it was different. But now——"

She crossed the barnyard, stifling her sobbing. Life had been made up of stifling, of crushing down the best in her, of hiding her longings and desires. She could wait until she reached sanctuary.

In the dark sheds a cow lowed softly, and little munching sounds came to her. Away in the woods an owl hooted. There was the perfume of hay, the vague aroma of cattle, rustlings which told of life near at hand.

She reached the barn, slid the catch of the small door within the big one, stepped through into the darkness and silence, found the heap of soft hay she knew was in the corner and then broke down and wept out her grief.

"Michael! Michael!" she sobbed. "Oh, why did God let this happen? Didn't He know how much I wanted you? Michael! Michael!"

And then, brokenly: "I can't stand it!"

Something moved beside the girl, whined, pushed a cold nose against her hand. Mollie felt the unspoken sympathy. She sat up and the ragged bit of a dog which had followed her in was crushed close to her heart.

"Bimmy, Bimmy!" she cried. "Oh, Bimmy, he's dead!"

The little mongrel seemed to understand, and whined again. A warm tongue licked her face. Bimmy was doing his best to comfort.

"You love me, don't you, Bimmy? You're all I've got now." And then, with her face pressed close to that of the dog, she poured out the story, finding a little ease from the pain by the telling.

"The letter came this morning, Bimmy, and it said he was dead. Don't you see what it means? No Michael ever coming home again—no one to love me! When I told her she said there were plenty of other fellows in the world. Fancy that, Bimmy! She doesn't understand what love means—what Michael means to me. She hates me, Bimmy, because I'm mother's girl, and Dad remembers mother!"

A short tail wagged understandingly. Bimmy knew Annie Randall, her down-at-the-heel shoes, which could, nevertheless, kick a small dog if he got in her way, her meanness.

Mollie spoke softly into the dog's ear.

"I can't stay here now, Bimmy. I shall have to go away. I could bear it while there was the thought that Michael was to come home—but not now. I shall go away, Bimmy."

Then more tears as a girl who had banked

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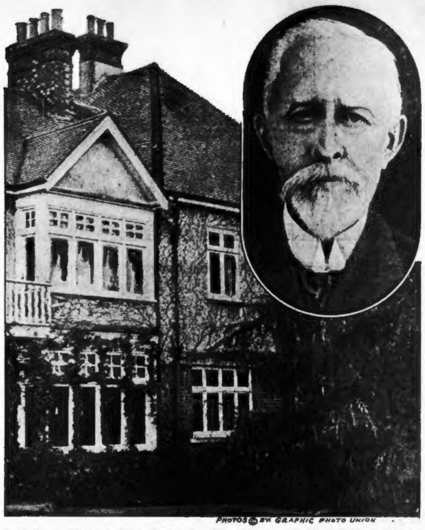
Court Awarded Her Fortune and a Husband



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Knoll House, Kent, England, Which Was Bequeathed to the Rector's Daughter by the Crusty Old John Samuel Newlyn, Together With a Fortune on Condition That She Must Not Marry, and (in the Oval), the Late John Samuel Newlyn, Who Secretly Loved Miss Clementson for Years, and Who Revealed His Secret in His Will.

READERS of the American Weekly will remember the account in this magazine, some months ago, of the troubles of Miss Marjorie Joyce Clementson, the daughter of an English minister, who was left a fortune by an elderly admirer on condition that she should remain single.

The aged benefactor of the rector's daughter was the late John Samuel Newlyn who, in his rather constricting will, left Marjorie his home in Stapleton, his motor car and a trust fund of $100,000.

For a time the attractive Miss Clementson lived in Knoll House, as the Newlyn estate was called. But she found that the cost of maintaining the big place was more than she could afford and she quit the manor to go back to the quiet rectory occupied by her father. The estate was sold at auction by the lawyers handling the Newlyn property, and the proceeds were held in trust until the courts could decide whether the money received for the house and land should go to Marjorie or certain of the late owner's legatees.

It was about this time that the rector's daughter met and fell in love with a young man named Bernard Thorp. So great was the attachment of the young people for one another that they became engaged and Marjorie announced that the Newlyn relatives might take every shilling that the old squire left her. Romance, she said, was much more important to her than financial security.

A prominent London lawyer read accounts of the situation in the newspaper and took it upon himself to inform the clergyman's daughter that she could have her inheritance and a husband, too. No less a jurist than the Lord Chief Justice, he said, had ruled that "a legacy which acts as a restraint to marriage is void and invalid under English law."

So, although she didn't care especially about the money—and dreaded the inevitable publicity which she knew would attend a battle in the courts—she brought suit to retain her interest in the Newlyn estate.

For days the lawyers in the case argued whether money procured from the sale of a house is the same thing, in the eyes of the law, as the house itself—or whether the eccentric old squire left his youthful benefactor merely the use of a manor.

Bernard Thorp, Whom Miss Clementson Will Marry—and the Courts Have Decided That She Can Have Her Bequests, Too.

The final decision was this: the money derived from the sale of Knoll House and its furnishings goes to charity—just as Mr. Newlyn said it must in case Miss Clementson made up her mind to take a husband. But the income from the $100,000 trust fund set up in her name is hers as long as she lives—and it will be paid to her four times a year after she becomes Mrs. Thorp, just as it is now. In short, the rector's daughter is going to have her fortune and her husband, too.

Photos © By Graphic Photo Union

Miss Marjorie Clementson, Who Has Won the Right to Wed Without Losing the Money Left Her by Her Aged Admirer.

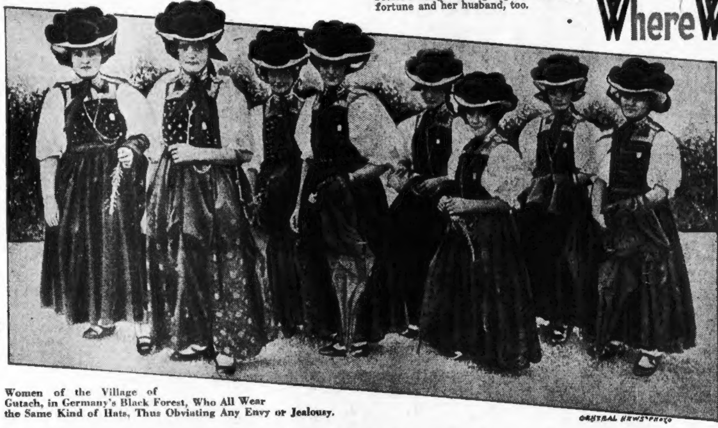
School On Rim of Volcano

ONE of the most unusual schools in the world is held, every year, on the rim of Kilauea Volcano, in Hawaii. To this "hot spot" come teachers and students from the nearby University of Hawaii to study at first hand the wonders of volcanology and kindred subjects.

The instructors of the school, like the faculty of other institutions of learning, impart much information to their classes by lectures. But they back these talks in an interesting and practical way by taking the students on many excursions around the smoking mountain's circular rim and, sometimes, down into the upper portions of the lava pit itself.

Few places provide a way of studying how the surface of the earth is made up like the strata of soil and rock on the inside of a volcano. Here, what scientists sometimes call the "record in the rocks" can be read with ease. The structure of the earth's crust, which took thousands of centuries to form, can be examined and measured, and the stupendous power of internal heat can be appreciated, if not imagined, in the upheaved layers of rock.

Every year, the number of students in the "Volcano University" increases and the Government is glad to play host to the seekers after knowledge because they hold their classes within the limits of Hawaii National Park.



Women of the Village of Gutach, in Germany's Black Forest, Who All Wear the Same Kind of Hats, Thus Obviating Any Envy or Jealousy.

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO

Where Women Aren't Envious

THE womenfolk who live in Germany's Black Forest often have been described as the least "catty" women in the civilized world. They live tranquilly and pleasantly with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts and seldom indulge in feuds.

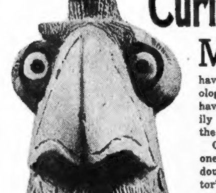
The photograph at the left goes far to explain the sweet dispositions of the Black Forest maids and matrons. It shows a group of them on their way to a wedding in the little village of Gutach and, what is more important, it reveals that every one of them has a hat exactly like all the others.

No frau, or fraulein, in this section of Europe has any reason for being jealous of her neighbor because of her chic headgear. Millinery modes in the Black Forest are standardized, by tradition, and any woman who would think of being different or original by adding an extra feather or tilting the brim in a new way would immediately bring the wrath of the entire community down on her presumptuous head.

The rather big and ornate hats on this bevy of merrymakers never would make a hit in Paris, London or New York, but they suit the girls and and women of the Black Forest—just as they suited their grandmothers and great-grandmothers before them.

Such a hat lasts many seasons because it is worn only on Sundays, holidays and special occasions, such as weddings and funerals. On other days the women go bareheaded or protect themselves from the sun and rain by pulling their hand-embroidered shawls over their heads.

Curious Monsters and Double Statue Which Guarded Hittite Temple Gates



GLOBE PHOTO

The Weird Symbolical Animal From the Temple Gates of Tell Halaf, Which Now Is on Public View in the Remarkable Collection of Baron Von Oppenheim, of Berlin.

MANY exhibitions of ancient art have been held in the German capital, but few, if any, of them have stirred the imagination of archeologists, historians and art lovers as have the curious Hittite relics temporarily on view in the private museum of the Baron von Oppenheim.

Chief among these are two statues—one of a pop-eyed bird and the other a double example of some ancient sculptor's skill—likenesses of a couple of pagan deities known as Teschup and Hepet.

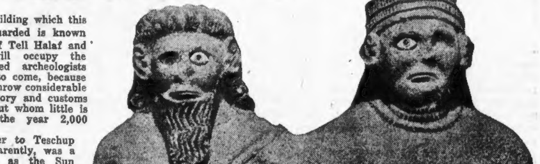
Baron von Oppenheim had the good luck to unearth these curious objects at the portals of a temple-palace dug from the dust of Upper Mesopotamia. This section of the world now belongs to Turkey and it is by arrangement with the Turkish Government that the Baron is allowed, for a time, to keep these tangible evidences of an ancient culture among his private artistic and archeological effects.

Fortunately, many decipherable inscriptions were found on the walls of the long-lost place of pagan worship so that the Baron was able to know exactly what he had discovered. Teschup, the bearded and one-eyed god seen in the photograph at the right, was feared and revered by his subjects as the Son of the Sun. He was Lord of Heaven and Earth, Rain and Weather.

His female partner, Hepet, was about everything that a goddess could be. She was, in the minds of the Hittites of 4,000 years ago, the Universal Mother, Goddess of Love, Maternity and Clear Skies. She was a somewhat more reasonable and kindly deity than her husband and her followers usually pleaded with her to temper Teschup's wrath, at which job she was supposed to be good. But when, for some reason, she waxed wrathy, then she let her lord exercise his destructive will.

The ancient building which this powerful pair guarded is known as the Temple of Tell Halaf and its treasures will occupy the minds of learned archeologists for many years to come, because they promise to throw considerable light on the history and customs the Hittites, about whom little is known before the year 2,000 B. C.

Next in power to Teschup and Hepet, apparently, was a creature known as the Sun Bird, the goggle-eyed monster shown in the photograph at the left. The inscriptions relating to him reveal that he was a sort of super-human messenger boy who traveled back and forth between the earth and the sun and who knew all the solar mysteries, which the Hittites were eager to learn because their religion was a form of sun worship.



GLOBE PHOTO

A Double Statue, Representing Teschup and Hepet, From Tell Halaf. Each Ancient Deity Seems to Have Suffered the Loss of an Eye.

Honey From the Faucet in New Beehive

AFTER several years of experimenting, a Spaniard named Jose Rovira, has perfected an entirely new type of beehive which has excited the interest of bee-keepers all over the world. All Senor Rovira has to do when he wants the syrupy nectar of the flowers for his buttered toast, or his morning griddle cakes, is to turn a spigot and out flows the honey, sweet, golden and free from wax.

It all sounds very simple, but the interior mechanism of the ultra-modern hive is complicated and ingenious. The main feature of the machinery is a battery of thin, sharp blades so placed that, when a lever is moved, each of the blades slices through the center of a section of the waxen comb. The honey flows slowly down into a series of little troughs and from there into a pan. The spigot draws the clear honey from the pan.

The cutting by the blades does not wreck the individual compartments of the combs made by the bees and the insects, impelled by instinct, immediately begin repairing the combs and filling them with honey again.

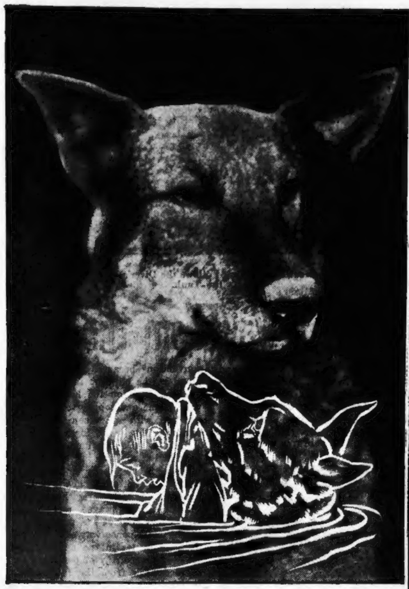
When the device which may revolutionize bee-keeping was first demonstrated at the Museum of Natural Sciences in Madrid, it threatened to start a small-size war among the agricultural officials of the Spanish Republic. The Department of Agriculture decided to sponsor the hive and demonstrate it in every part of the country. Before they could arrange a traveling exhibit, the directors of the Live Stock Department upset the plans by hotly insisting that the privilege of introducing the invention to the world belonged to them because the hard-working bee is, technically, a beast of burden.

A week of heated argument followed to decide whether the bee is an insect or a beast of burden, and it finally was decided that it is either, or both. The contending officials compromised and shared the honor of sponsoring the interesting result of Senor Rovira's labors.

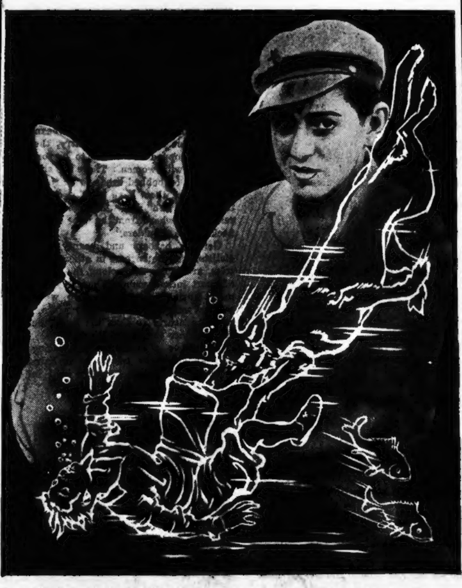
It is probable that a concern will be organized to manufacture the hives and that, for a year or two, none of them will be sold outside of Spain. The inventor will collect a royalty on every one of the spigot-hives sold to agriculturists and plans to become a bee-keeper himself in order to improve on his ideas, if possible.

How the Canadian Dog Heroes Won Their Honors

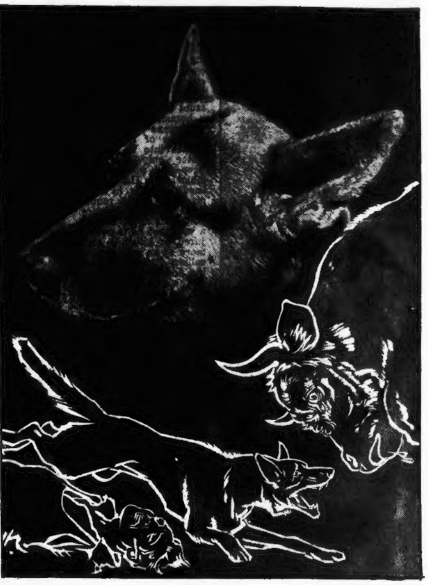
Almost Unbelievable Exploits of Heroism, Quick Thinking and Resourcefulness in Saving Human Lives Rewarded With Nice Silver Collars, Medals and Juicy Bones



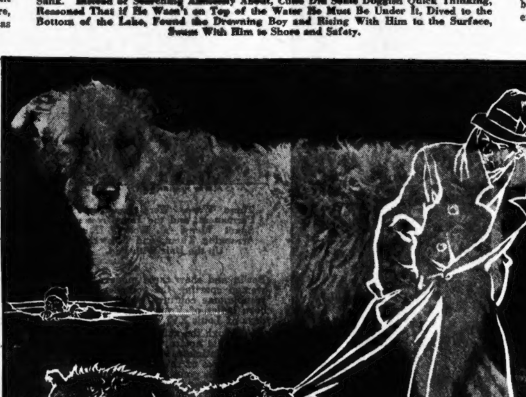
Rex, Dog Hero No. 1, Who Saved a Boy From Drowning in Lake Ontario. The Big German Shepherd Breasted High Waves Until He Had Reached the Swimmer. Then, Apparently Realizing That if He Came Within Reach of the Clutching Hands Both Would Be Lost, the Dog Dived, Came Up Behind the Struggling Lad, Caught Him by His Shirt and Holding His Head as High Above the Breakers as Possible to Keep Mouth and Nose Out of Water, Swam to Shore With Him. Unusual Reasoning Power Was Adjudged to Have Been Shown by Rex in This Exploit.



Cutie, Dog Hero No. 2. Watching Her Young Master Swimming in a Lake Near Toronto, She Heard Him Cry for Help. Cutie, Also a Police Dog, Immediately Plunged in and Swam Out to Him. He Had Been Seized by Cramps and, Before She Could Reach Him, Sank. Instead of Searching Aimlessly About, Cutie Did Some Doggish Quick Thinking, Reasoned That if He Wasn't on Top of the Water He Must Be Under It, Dived to the Bottom of the Lake, Found the Drowning Boy and Rising With Him to the Surface, Swam With Him to Shore and Safety.



This Is Tauser von Whital, Dog Hero No. 3, Who Saved His Master From Being Gored to Death by a Bull. Tauser Is a Big Black Police Dog Owned by an Ontario Doctor. After the Bull Had Knocked Down His Master, Tauser Sank His Fangs in the Beast's Nose and Although Shaken Off Several Times and Injured, He Managed to Keep the Bull Occupied Until the Man Could Crawl to Safety. His Intelligence Was Judged to Have Been Manifested by Tauser in Method of Attack and Strategy During His Battle.



Pingoe, an Airedale and Dog Hero No. 4. Pingoe Went Walking on the Ice of the St. Lawrence River With the Mother of Her Mistress When the Crust Gave Way and Both Dog and Woman Plunged In. The Dog Scrambled Out, but the Woman Could Not. She Instructed Pingoe to Run and Get Help. The Dog Understood the Command Perfectly, Raced to Shore, Found a Workman, Dragged Him by the Coat to the River Bank, Where He Could See the Woman Clutching the Edges of the Ice Around Her, and Thus Brought About Her Rescue.

EVERY year the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto publicly honors its most deserving citizens. Awards are made to the leaders in science, art, literature and sport, and hundreds of thousands of Canadians annually take part in the ceremonies.

But this year the exhibition authorities decided to branch out a bit and include dogs among those to be honored. Weren't they citizens of Canada? Well, although four-legged, they were in a sense. Didn't many of them possess most of the human virtues and considerably fewer human vices? Yes, the committee agreed, that was so. Well, then, why shouldn't these four-legged citizens who had shown conspicuous character and intelligence be recognized as well as the two-legged citizens? No reason on earth, they decided.

So circulars were sent throughout the Dominion calling upon all who owned dogs which had exhibited conspicuous bravery and intelligence in saving human life to write to the committee and spread out before them their evidence. Intelligence was insisted upon as an essential factor. It wouldn't be just enough that a dog had saved a life, it must be plain that reasoning was a part of the performance.

Some thirty replies, all showing remarkable and in some cases incredible sagacity and courage were received. Each case was investigated, and as a result the thirty dwindled down to six dogs who fully qualified to stand among the scientists, artists, writers and what not who were picked as Canadians worthy of the honors.

But of the six dog heroes only four were alive. The two others had died while doing what they conceived their duty.

The four were Rex Beard, of Toronto; Tauser von Whital Rogers, of Bellwoods, Ontario; Cutie Craven, of Toronto, and Pingoe Tuck, of Toronto Island. They sat in a booth, each wearing a silver collar on which was a golden medal engraved: "This dog is a hero. He saved a human life." They were friendly and dignified and rather bored except at mealtime, when another reward of nice juicy bones was served.

On the wall beside the booth were two memorial tablets to "King" and "Sport," the two who had given up their own lives for their masters, and a record of the gallant deeds which had sent them to dog heaven.

Rex is a big German shepherd dog. His master is A. A. Beard, of Queen Street, Toronto. Two years ago Mr. Beard and Rex were shooting along the Toronto waterfront. A big wind was blowing and Lake Ontario was in a most ugly mood. White-capped breakers were pounding on the shore and creating a back-wash that swept everything before them.

Suddenly a cry for help was heard. Mr. Beard, who doesn't swim, saw a boy struggling in the water some three hundred yards from shore.

"Go get him, Rex!" he ordered.

Rex leaped into the waves. Time and again the breakers threw him back to shore, but he persevered and finally reached the side of the swimmer. The big dog seemed to hesitate and consider the situation. The boy struggled and churned desperately, trying to get a grip upon Rex. The shepherd kept just beyond reach, then, apparently making up his mind what should be done, he dived, came up behind the lad, and catching his bathing suit at the neck started for shore, holding his burden's head as high above the waves as he could.

It was a terrific struggle against the combers, but Rex never let go. When he finally reached shore he was exhausted, and the boy, fifteen-year-old Albert Oxland, of Toronto, was unconscious.

The committee, in giving the award to Rex, took into consideration not alone the courage he had shown, but the intelligence he had used in effecting the rescue. Had the dog blundered headlong within reach of young Oxland's arms, the swimmer would have gripped him with the strength of the drowning, and probably dragged them both to death. That Rex had realized this seemed plain by his hesitation and his dive to behind the boy. This seemed to be conscious reasoning. Again, if the dog had merely towed the swimmer in haphazardly, his face beneath the water, young Albert would probably have been dead when shore was reached. The action of holding the head as far out of water as possible clearly showed that the dog realized the dangers of the situation, reasoned out the remedy, and acted as intelligently as a man could have done under the circumstances.

Tauser von Whital is a big black police dog who roams about the farm of Dr. William Rogers, Bellwoods, Ontario. And it is thanks to Tauser that Dr. Rogers is alive today.

The physician was walking through the farming district near his home with Tauser trotting at his side. They took a short cut through a field. About half way across, Dr. Rogers heard a bellowing behind him. Turning, he found himself facing a charging bull. He jumped aside, but not quickly enough. The horns caught him a glancing blow, gored him slightly in the thigh and hurled him to the ground.

The bull dropped its head to gore him again. But Tauser leaped at it and sank his fangs into its nose. The bull bellowed and shook its head trying to get rid of the dog. Tauser held on. The bull dropped to its knees and attempted to crush Tauser against the earth. The dog slipped away, but the instant the bull was on its feet Tauser was again hanging to its nose. Three times the beast shook off the dog while Dr. Rogers was slowly crawling toward a fence. And each time before the bull could reach the injured man Tauser was hanging to its nose, although by this time the horns had raked him often and he was bleeding badly.

But at last Dr. Rogers reached the fence and managed to get over it. He called to Tauser and the dog, seeing that his master had reached safety, released the bull and joined him. The bull had had enough of the fight, too, and stumbled away.

Intelligence, the judges held, was proven by the fact that Tauser had always seized the nose of the bull, instead of tackling it at the side and from behind. In doing this, not only had he made his own body a shield between his master and the beast, but also had apparently consciously reasoned out that to have assailed the bull at any other part would not have held it back from further assault on the man. The fact that Tauser had done this not once but several times, and had thus covered his injured master's slow retreat, showed reasoning power well comparable to a man's.

Cutie is another police dog. Her master, George Craven, was thirteen years old when he went swimming in Wilcox Lake, near Toronto. It was early morning and no one was around. Cutie doesn't like water very much and stood guard on shore.

George was out in deep water when he was seized with cramps. He cried out to Cutie for help, and without hesitation she jumped into the lake and swam toward him. She had not gotten more than half way when George sank.

What Cutie did after that has to be reconstructed from subsequent events. George dimly remembers feeling her grab his shirt at the bottom of the lake, and knows she dragged him up to the surface. Then George became unconscious. The next thing he remembers is lying on the shore with Cutie standing over him licking his face.

It is conjectured that the dog swam steadily on, after he had sunk, to the place where she had last seen him. Then, instead of swimming aimlessly around searching for him, Cutie had realized what had happened and had dived for him. She had found him, dragged him up and then ashore, and afterwards had done her doggish best to revive him, licking him as she would a half-drowned puppy.

The judges thought this all showed reasoning power and intelligence of the highest degree.

There was clear perception of what had occurred—the sinking of her master. Many other dogs would have gone no further after the boy had disappeared. But this dog's brain grasped the situation. The rescue was a purposeful one, reasoned out as well as any human brain could have done.

Pingoe is an Airedale. She is owned by Miss Marjorie Tuck, of Toronto Island. Four years ago last March, when the ice was still on the bay which separates the island from the city, Marjorie's mother started to walk across the frozen surface. Pingoe went along. Mrs. Tuck noticed that the dog seemed nervous, whining and pulling at her as though trying to tell her something. She paid no attention, but just as she reached the center of the lagoon the ice gave way. Woman and dog went down, far over their heads. They came to the surface close together. Mrs. Tuck realized she could not get out by herself, clung with one hand to the ice and managed to get Pingoe up on the surface.

"Go get help! Go get help, Pingoe!" she said. The dog hesitated for a time, then apparently got the message. She set off on a run over the ice, and soon Mrs. Tuck heard her barking furiously. In a little while she saw her come in sight with a workman following. Mrs. Tuck cried out and was rescued.

The workman had been walking along the road, he said, when the dog had overtaken him, barking. He had spoken to her, telling her to run away, but Pingoe had caught his coat in her teeth and dragged him back. Understanding dogs, he knew something was wrong and had followed her.

Pingoe's conduct passed all tests for reasoning, and she got her collar of honor.

King, one of the two dogs that died, was a shaggy German shepherd who roamed about the banks of the St. Lawrence River near Brockville. One afternoon King was lying on shore while his master bathed in the deep water. Suddenly the dog heard his master cry for help. King dived into the river but the swimmer had disappeared beneath the surface. Three times the dog dived deep into the swirling water. The third time he was successful and finally, after a struggle against the current, managed to pull the unconscious but still living man to shore. The master recovered but King had fallen dead beside him when he had gotten him safely to land.

Sport, the other dead dog-hero, was an Airedale. Sport lived in the wilds of North Ontario and it was his duty to see that no harm befell his two-year-old mistress. Each day when the child played in front of the little log cabin Sport was never far away, and his watchful eyes never left his charge. One cold October morning, just before the first snow, he was lying watching the youngster play about near the edge of the little clearing when he heard a sound that made him prick up his ears.

Two huge slinking timber wolves softly stole out of the deep woods and made their way towards the child.

Although much smaller than either beast, Sport threw himself upon the first wolf. He was game to the core but the odds were too great. The battle lasted just long enough to allow the mother time to rush out of the house to carry the child to safety. The wolves slunk back into the underbrush, and Sport just managed to crawl to the doorstep before he died.

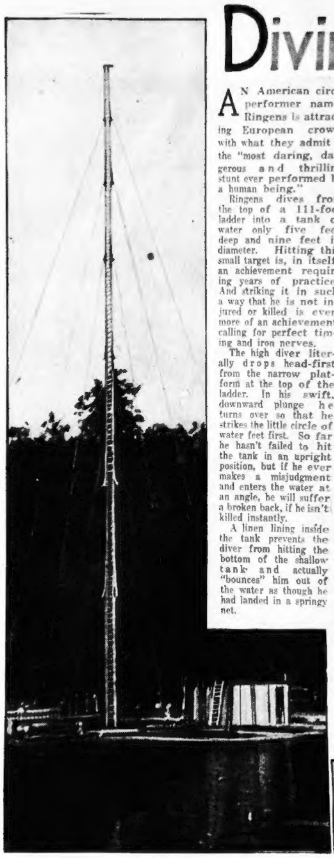
Diving 111 Feet Into A Tank Only 5 Feet Deep

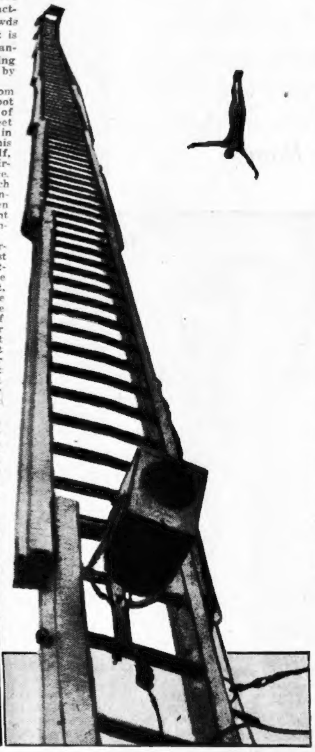
AN American circus performer named Ringens is attracting European crowds with what they admit is the "most daring, dangerous and thrilling stunt ever performed by a human being."

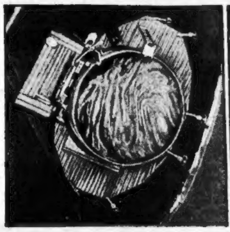
Ringens dives from the top of a 111-foot ladder into a tank of water only five feet deep and nine feet in diameter. Hitting this small target is, in itself, an achievement requiring years of practice. And striking it in such a way that he is not injured or killed is even more of an achievement calling for perfect timing and iron nerves.

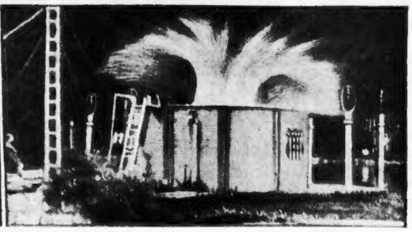
The high diver literally drops head-first from the narrow platform at the top of the ladder. In his swift, downward plunge he turns over so that he strikes the little circle of water feet first. So far he hasn't failed to hit the tank in an upright position, but if he ever makes a misjudgment and enters the water at an angle, he will suffer a broken back, if he isn't killed instantly.

A linen lining inside the tank prevents the diver from hitting the bottom of the shallow tank and actually "bounces" him out of the water as though he had landed in a springy net.


The Photograph Gives a Spectator on the Ground Some Idea of the Height of the Ladder From Which Mr. Ringens Dives, and the Small Size of the Tank Into Which He Lands.


Ringens Plunging Headfirst From the Top of the Ladder Past Guy Wires and Floodlights and Heading Unerringly for the Tank.


How the 5-Foot Tank Looks to the Diver From the Top of the Ladder.


The Great Splash That Follows the Diver's Plunge Into the Tank.

Ancient Coiffures, a Long Way From the "Bob"

IN GERMANY, as in other European countries and in this country, the close-cropped bob seems to be losing favor with women. There are still thousands of bobbed heads to be seen, but most of them have what is called the "long bob" in which the hair reaches anywhere from the nape of the neck to the shoulders.

German barbers and beauty specialists, like the barbers in other countries, are trying to prolong the vogue of short locks because it means much more business for them than when women wear their hair "au naturel," or more nearly so than has been the custom since the World War.

The three photographs illustrating this article were taken at a hairdressers' convention recently held in Berlin and show three modern young women sporting the complicated and troublesome coiffures which the high-born ladies of France affected in the days of Louis XVI.

Although the announcers of the convention did not say so in plain words, they did intimate, when they described the coiffures of this triumvirate of up-to-date girls gone 18th century, that a return to long hair might eventually bring back such ponderous modes of wearing the hair.

To strengthen their argument against long locks and the possible return of old-time coiffures the announcers mentioned the half-hearted and partially successful effort of certain cotouriers to popularize the Empress Eugenie hat, puff sleeves and bustles—fashion fads that, until recently, got narry a hearty laugh from modern maids and matrons.

Whether the appearance at the hairdressers' conclave of the seemingly absurd and garish coiffures which were common spectacles in the gardens of Versailles in the time of Louis XVI and his wife, Marie Antoinette, did anything to revivify women's waning interest in bobbed hair is a moot question. But the 18th century coiffures did seem to lend a comic note to the convention because people laughed aloud at the old-time fad of combing the hair high on the head around a wire frame and topping off the whole creation with a galleon sliding precariously down the hirsute waves.

Only a little less amusing was the even higher coiffures in which the hair, made white by powder and paint, was combed straight up from the scalp and ornamented with three huge ostrich plumes which swayed and bounced with every step of the wearer.

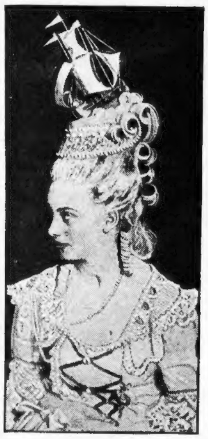
The most conservative of the hairdressing modes in the days of Louis XVI—a great array of powdered curls combed back from the forehead and temples and decorated with two small ostrich plumes—also drew its share of laughs.

Several eminent style experts who attended the gathering of German barbers, hairdressers and beauticians expressed the opinion that the bob may go the way of many other vogues of wearing the hair, but that the complicated coiffures of the old days never will find favor with modern women.

That the close-cropped bob has lost, and is still losing, popular favor in Germany, was evinced by the very few models who paraded before the hairdressers and the spectators with their hair cut short. The great majority of the coiffures exhibited at the session were what barbers and beauty specialists call the "semi-bob," in which the locks are long enough to be worn as a bob, or drawn in at the neck with a comb or clasp.

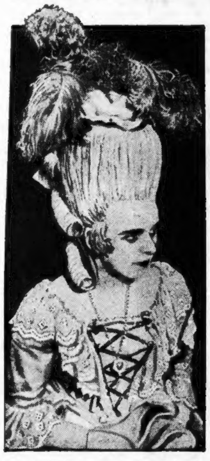
The style of haircut which seemed to appeal most strongly to women spectators was a compromise bob, in which the hair could be worn in one of three ways—as an orthodox bob, as a bob held in at the nape of the neck with perhaps six or eight inches of hair below the restraining comb or clasp, or as a coiffure in which the hair was "done up"—that is, arranged in much the same manner as long hair.

The vogue of wearing wigs, which seems to be gaining in popularity in France, apparently makes little appeal to German barbers or their patrons. Only a few wigs were shown at the convention and the prospective wearers of the false coiffures took only a mild interest in the creations.


During the Reign of Louis XVI, the Ladies of the French Court Went in for Coiffures That Were Literal Landscapes, but This One Happens to Be a Seascape, Showing a Galleon Riding on the Rolling Swell, as Indicated by the Artistically Waved Hair.

Photos by—HERBERT

These Waves Were Far From Permanent, and the Hair-Dresser Spent Many a Weary Hour Arranging Them, and Bolstering Up the Hair With Pad.


Ostrich Plumes and Vari-Colored Ribbons, Ponderous Rolls With Puffs Inside, Trimmed Sideburns and Paste All Went Into This Coiffure, Popular in the Eigteenth Century.

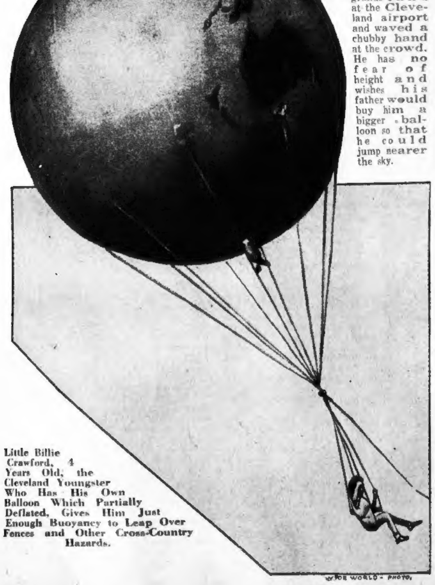
Cleveland's 4-Year-Old Balloonist

LITTLE Billie Crawford, four years old and as courageous as he is youthful, thrilled the thousands of spectators at the National Air Races recently staged in Cleveland, his home town.

Billie didn't make a solo flight in a plane, or make a parachute leap. He soared over the air field in his own "jumping balloon," which took him over the ground in arching leaps, much like those of the legendary character who hustled around the world wearing the miraculous "seven-league boots."

Billie would rather ride high above ground in his balloon than play baseball, go to the movies or eat. And when he grows up he wants to be an aviator and fly as fast as Al Williams and as far as Lindberg.

The photograph shows Billie as he looked when he soared high above the crowded grandstand at the Cleveland airport and waved a chubby hand at the crowd. He has no fear of height and wishes his father would buy him a bigger balloon so that he could jump nearer the sky.


WIDE WORLD - PHOTO.

Little Billie Crawford, 4 Years Old, the Cleveland Youngster Who Has His Own Balloon Which Partially Deflated, Gives Him Just Enough Buoyancy to Leap Over Fences and Other Cross-Country Hazards.

Curious Towers of Copenhagen

EVERY European city boasts its historic and unusual towers and steeples, but Copenhagen's skyline is marked by so many of these architectural objects that it is famous all over the world as the "City of Beautiful Towers."

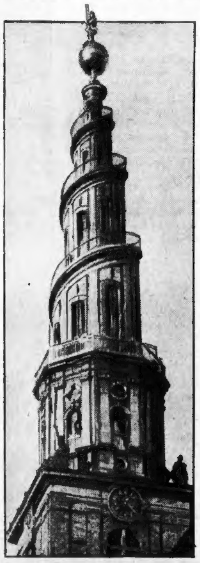
The photographs at the right show two of the oddest and most celebrated of these towers—one rising from the Bourse, or stock market, and the other gracing the Church of the Redeemer.

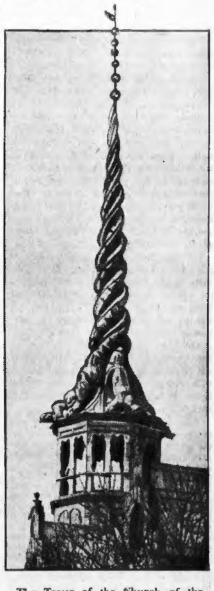
The architect who designed the stock market tower worked out an appropriate bit of symbolism in the winding pathway curling about the tower and ending just beneath a shining gilt ball representing the world. On top of the golden globe is an antique figure of a trader who seems to be lord of the great area which he surveys from his high perch.

Thousands of visitors to Copenhagen have climbed the spiral stairway of the Bourse tower to get a bird's-eye view of the city. The narrow observation platform just below the gleaming globe is one of the highest points in the city, being 185 feet above the street.

The tower on the Church of the Redeemer is one of the oddest things of its kind in the world, because its conical roof is formed of the serpentine bodies of four ferocious looking serpents. Just what the designer of the church intended to symbolize by these repulsive, if artistic figures, is not known, but it is probable that the dragons represent the forces of evil made captive by their own viciousness.

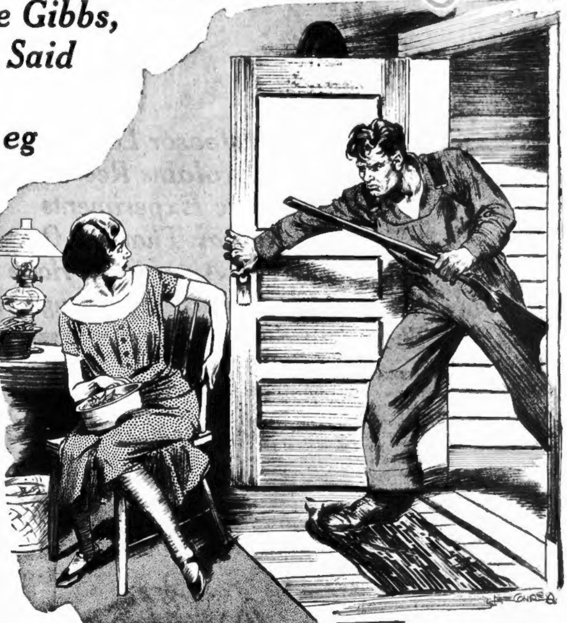
Each of the four evil-looking monsters is a masterpiece of the coppersmith's art and is cleverly fashioned of thin plates of pure copper fastened together by rivets and solder. The spire was built nearly two centuries ago and is beginning to show the wear and tear of the elements, including occasional damage by lightning.


The Storied Tower of Copenhagen's Bourse, Which Is Visible From Any Part of the City.


The Tower of the Church of the Redeemer, Made in the Likeness of Entwined Bodies of Four Ferocious Looking Dragons. They Are Popularly Supposed to Symbolize Evil Made Captive by Its Own Power.

Courted the Girl He Loved With a Shotgun

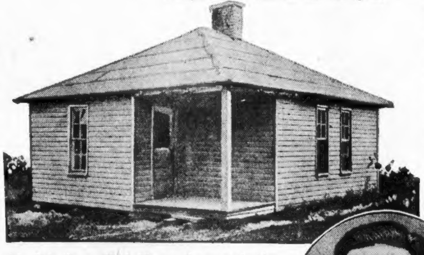
Extraordinary Romances of Pretty Louise Gibbs, Kentucky Mountaineer's Daughter, Was Said to Have Been Traded for a Team of Mules to Her First Husband and Her Leg Was Shot Off by Her Next Adorer



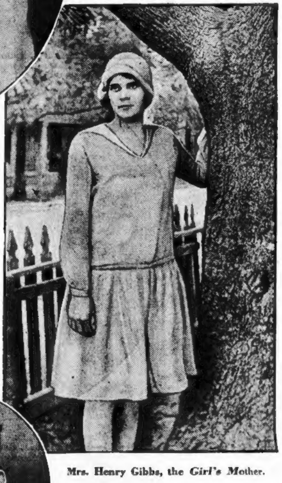
Perrigo Was Worried by Reports That the Girl He Loved Was Losing Interest in Him. So He Consoled Himself With Several Drinks of Kentucky Moonshine Whiskey. Then, Seizing His Shotgun, He Decided to Call on Louise. Forcing His Way Into the House Where the Girl Sat Beside the Fire in the Kitchen, the Lover Ordered Her to Stand Up, Fired a Charge of Shot Into Her Leg, Which Was Amputated in the Hospital—And Hoped That Now the Girl Would Certainly Marry Him Because She Was Crippled and Needed Somebody to Take Care of Her.

William Perrigo, the Impulsive Lover Who Tried to Make Sure of the Girl He Loved With a Shotgun Courtship.

Louise Gibbs, Who at the Age of 13 Was Married to Edward Green, Ran Away from Him and Now, at the Age of 16, Lies on a Hospital Cot Recovering from the Caveman Wooing of Another Lover Who Shot Her Leg Off.



The Gibbs Home, Which Was the Center of the Unfortunate Romances of Pretty Louise Gibbs.



Mrs. Henry Gibbs, the *Girl's* Mother.

To Right—Edward Green, Who Is Said to Have Traded Four Mules for the Parental Blessing on His 13-Year-Old Bride.

SHOULDERING a shotgun, young William Perrigo, a Kentucky mountaineer, called on his sweetheart and, ordering the sixteen-year-old girl to stand up, neatly blew off one of her legs without injuring the other.

It was a rather remarkable piece of marksmanship, the result of even more remarkable reasoning. William, who is 23 years old, had thought it all out and decided that this act would settle the girl's doubts about marrying him. Nobody else would want a one-legged bride.

And settle them it did, but not the way he expected. When William sent a formal proposal from the Christian County jail to the Jennie Stuart Memorial Hospital, she declined to reply.

"No use trying to use reason about love," he commented sadly. "There's no sense to it."

Louise Gibbs, weeping on her hospital cot, cannot make much sense out of love, either, for this is the second unpleasant and extraordinary romance in her young life. In 1929, when only thirteen years old, she became famous as the "Kentucky-mule bride" because her father, Henry Gibbs, traded her in marriage to Edward Green, forty-five years old, for four good mules. Mr. Gibbs was satisfied with the mules but there was so much trouble on the other end that it almost started one of those deadly Kentucky feuds.

Like any normal girl Louise had begun thinking about marriage almost as early as she could think at all, and at the age of thirteen had some definite ideas on the subject. Of course, she wanted to marry a millionaire and, having been reared on a farm, to live in the city. Edward Green was no millionaire, but he had moved to the great city of Detroit, and was a fussy dresser with creases in his trousers and he never wore a stiff collar without a necktie.

When he proposed to Louise, who was pretty and rather large for her age, the girl reasoned that while he was not exactly her ideal, he was very likely about as near it as she might ever be able to catch. In her lifetime no millionaire had ever looked at her, and probably none ever would, while she stayed on the farm. This man had a house in a big city with trolleys running past the door, a soda fountain and a moving picture theatre on the same block.

True, he was more than three times her age but very young girls rather like elderly men, just as old women like to run around with mere boys. It is useless to ask why they enjoy such discrepancies because, as William Perrigo says, "There is no sense to love anyway." A more mature woman might have viewed with alarm the fact that he was a widower, with seven children and seventeen grandchildren, but, as some of these were around her own age, she thought it would be fun to play with them.

So Louise said "yes," but her father said "no," and without his consent such a youthful looking girl could not hope to be married. However, Mr. Gibbs tried to use reason, too, and just then he needed a team of four mules to drag a plow through his rocky soil for the Spring planting. So it was suggested that Mr. Green might give him the mules for the girl. And when Mr. Green delivered the mules Mr. Gibbs withdrew his opposition and gave his paternal blessing.

The honeymoon on the train was a pleasant novelty, and the noises, lights and shops of Detroit were a thrill for a few days, after which came disillusion. Louise had expected to spend her days in the soda fountain, theatre and shopping district but the bridegroom had other ideas. Before any of these pleasures he expected her to first do all the cooking and housework for that large family, with the full assistance, of course, of such members as were old enough to help. This should be easy because her late-lamented predecessor had done all this and Louise was younger and stronger.

It was not easy for one very good reason. The children united in refusing to be "bossed by the old man's kid wife" and did almost no work at all. When she complained to her elderly husband, Mr. Green reasoned that this lack of co-operation must be Louise's own fault, because the first Mrs. Green had always gotten some work out of the children.

The girl-wife decided that it was time for her to do some reasoning, and she did. It seemed to her that slaving for a lot of people who did not like her was worse than helping with the chores at her father's farm and waiting on the animals, which at least were friendly. So one day the girl packed up the few trophies of her husband's honeymoon generosity and took the next train back to Kentucky. Papa Gibbs took his daughter back without protest and life was resumed as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Green, however, wrote several angry letters, arguing that he had been swindled and demanding that Mr. Gibbs return either the wife or the four good mules. Mr. Gibbs did not answer because there wasn't any answer. His daughter declined to go back, and after the planting he had sold the mules and spent the money.

Finally Green went to Kentucky and personally asserted his rights, threatening suits for breach of contract. These did not mean much because it is illegal to sell a daughter into matrimony. But Green's many mountaineer relatives took his side while the Gibbs clan lined up on the other. There was an ominous oiling up of "shooting irons" all over Christian County and a few long-distance pot shots were taken.

It looked like the beginning of one of those mountain feuds which have started over lesser things than four mules or even one wife. But fortunately Green had to go back to his job in Detroit, and in his absence the clans cooled down and returned to their normal, peaceful industries of farming and occasional moonshine-making.

Meanwhile Louise and her friends had reasoned as to where she had made her mistake. Unanimously it was agreed that the error lay in marrying a man so much older and already encumbered with such a crop of children. The sensible thing next time would be to bestow her affections on some local young man of her own station in life and forget the city's bright lights.

So Louise started to do that sensible thing, but instead of living happily ever after, she lost a leg and will be lucky to live at all.

Scorning the occasional "slick" city fellow who stopped his car to gaze with admiration at this supposedly fresh and innocent country maiden, she waited patiently for the right man to present himself. When tall, broad-shouldered William Perrigo moved in from Tennessee to work in the saw mill, he did not lose much time in assuring her that he was the man for her. Of course, she did not tell him so too soon, but she had no reason to doubt him nor did anyone else. William was a good worker and therefore should always be a good provider.

In due time William was accepted, received her father's consent without any bonus of mules thrown in and everything was ready for the wedding except one little technicality which they happened to remember. She was still the wife of Edward Green, and a divorce would cost not only money but time. Perrigo, who is of Scotch-Italian descent, offered to finance a divorce if it could be done on the instalment plan. As a matter of fact he might have paid for one outright, but he had reasons for not wishing to let that be known.

The pair consulted a lawyer who quickly told them that in consideration of the bride's having been only thirteen, the marriage was illegal anyway and could be quickly and inexpensively annulled.

Just as this had been done and all was clear, the depression closed the saw mill, throwing Perrigo out of a job. Louise, trying to reason sensibly about love, thought they had better wait till he found other work, but the ardent William insisted on going on with the original plans regardless. It was perhaps the impetuous Italian blood in him that wanted to take a chance and he might have had his way if he had only told her that his Scotch blood had made him save up quite a few dollars "for a rainy day."

While marriage is not necessarily sordid, at least he could have answered her question as to what they were to live on till things picked up.

William kept his secret to himself because he feared that if his bride knew about it she might want to squander the money on clothes and other frivolities, and he was anxious to avoid arguments on the honeymoon. He did avoid these arguments because there was no honeymoon.

But they had arguments anyway, and as time went on Louise seemed to lose her enthusiasm for marrying him. She says that she was still as much in love as ever but having made up her mind to wait, she was keeping away from Perrigo and these unpleasant debates. In fact, she told the young man so, but another explanation formed in his mind. This coolness must mean that she was becoming interested in someone else, some new city man or maybe she was thinking of going back to her ex-husband.

Try as he would, William could find no trace of this rival, but that gave him little comfort for he thought it only showed how "slick" the man must be. The more he thought the more he felt that he had no chance unless he did something decisive and in a hurry. Every time a "flivver" crawled painfully over the mountain roads he was full of jealous fear that it was Louise eloping with that "other fellow."

In desperation he did some more reasoning on love and went even further wrong. He could not picture the imagined city man, with his shiny fingernails, as being truly and deeply in love with this simple country girl. It would only be a brief infatuation for her cute face and her pretty ankles. If that face or those ankles were mutilated in an accident would the city man still want her? Of course not. But he would with his honest love. Yes, sir. He would marry that girl if she were blind, armless or legless. Too bad Louise could not know that.

The only way she ever could know would be for something to happen. He almost wished something would happen. From almost wishing he soon came to actually wishing, and then wondering what would be the best sort of accident. He could not bear to have her eyes put out. To lose an arm would be too bad, too, because it would always show and she could not do much work. A leg would be the least loss because, with a good wooden substitute, she could get around the house all that would be necessary for the housework. If Providence would only remove one leg, just the lower part, Louise would have to marry him and he would make it up to her by his love and kindness to the end of her days.

But Providence did not take his suggestion, and so finally he did the job himself. After several drinks of moonshine whiskey, he slung a shotgun loaded with birdshot over his shoulder, and trudged to the mountain cabin of Louise's uncle, Joe Gibbs, where he knew the girl was visiting. At the cabin door he was confronted by the uncle and several aunts who told him that he could not see Louise. William made no reply, but by poking the muzzle of his gun in their faces one after the other, he caused these obstructions to remove themselves from his path and found the girl he loved sitting by the fireplace.

"Stand up!" he commanded.

Louise was frightened, hesitated but obeyed. Taking careful aim he fired one barrel at one of the ankles he admired, almost amputating her left foot. As the girl fell with a faint moan, William ran out and gave himself up to Chief of Police Winfree, of Hopkinsville.

"I shot her, Chief, because I loved her," he cried. "I did what I wanted to do and I don't care if they give me ninety-nine years."

However, if his proposal had been accepted and Louise had made no complaint, he might have gotten off without any punishment at all. In that case young Mr. Perrigo would have thought it made sense.

How To Find Out Whether You Are a Snob or Not

Professor Laird Explains Recent Scientific Experiments Which Reveal That Six Out of Every Ten Americans Have Snobbish Ideas but, Curiously Enough, Many "High Hat" Men and Women Do Not Know They Are Snobs

Your Answers to These Questions May Reveal That You Are More of a Snob Than You Thought You Were

	Yes	No
1—Would you dislike being seen in a rattle-trap auto?	....	....
2—Do you dislike being seen with peculiar or unusual people?	....	....
3—Do you like to be around people who have more money than you have?	....	....
4—Do you have a preference for movies, plays and stories of high society?	....	....
5—Are you cautious and slow in getting acquainted with people who are not "big shots"?	....	....
6—Do you discard clothes not yet through with their usefulness in order to get more stylish clothes?	....	....
7—Are you inclined to be bossy or officious to shoe shiners, conductors, filling station attendants and such?	....	....
8—Do you dislike to be with people who wear shabby clothes?	....	....
9—Would you dislike living with an anarchist or with a Bolshevist?	....	....
10—Do you feel uneasy around people of a different religion than yours?	....	....
11—Would you be unwilling to share your home with a person of another race or color?	....	....
12—Do you smile and feel pleased when you notice someone else making a mistake in grammar or etiquette?	....	....
13—Do you give more attention to the finish and appearance of your automobile or watch or other possessions than you do to their mechanical care?	....	....

Now look over your answers. Each one of the questions answered "Yes" is an indication of snobbishness.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sci. D., F. R. S. A., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory,
Hamilton, New York.

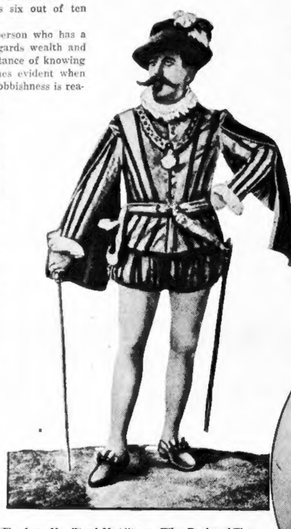
ARE you a snob? And if so, are you aware that you are a snob?

Bold and even impudent might seem the asking of such questions were it not for the fact that psychological investigators in several American colleges have been delving into this question of snobbishness recently and have come to the surprising conclusion that snobbishness, in one form or another, characterizes six out of ten Americans.

A snob, the dictionary says, is a person who has a false sense of superiority and who regards wealth and position as above character. The importance of knowing whether you are a snob or not becomes evident when the wide and pernicious influence of snobbishness is realized not only in individual lives, but in social, business, educational and political circles also.

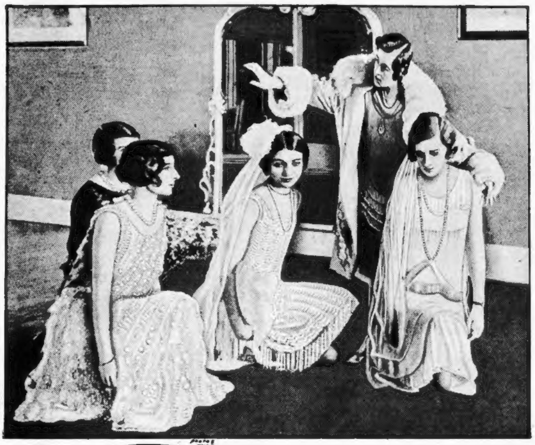
Of course, there are degrees of snobbishness. A person who answered "Yes" to all of the thirteen questions printed elsewhere on this page would come near being a 100% snob. Outside of his own circle of snobbish friends, he would not be likely to be very warmly welcomed. A person might confess to snobbishness in one or two of the matters listed in the questionnaire, and yet not be offensively snobbish.

Notable among these research workers are such well known scientists as Dr. William McDougall, of Duke University; Dr. Floyd H. Allport, of Syracuse; Dr. E. S. Bogardus and Dr. Carl Ramus. Not only do they cite glaring evidences of snobbishness in every day life about us—instances, for example, of persons, individually and en masse, selecting friends, political leaders, business associates and employees for such qualities as wealth, manners, birth, family, education, club memberships and social connections, rather than for honesty, executive ability, technical knowledge and, above all, character—but they reveal, as a result of psychological research among college students, figures showing clearly just how surprisingly widespread snobbishness is among us all. College students almost always reflect the attitudes and opinions and standards of the home from which they come, and for that reason certainly no better group of people could have been selected for the purpose.


The Late Mr. Ward McAllister, Who Declared That There Were Only Four Hundred Really Socially Worthwhile People in New York and Newport.

It is, then, upon the outcome of these researches into the attitudes of college students that the estimate of 60 per cent is based. At first thought, many persons may be inclined to consider that college students are apt to be more snobbish than the general run of humans. But a modicum of consideration ought to give sufficient answer to that objection; and a perusal of the newspapers clinch the argument.

Only the other day, the writer was amazed and amused to see in a New York newspaper, for instance, an advertisement for "a genuine nobleman," who could prove the validity of his title, to serve as a host in a "high class" New York night club. In other words, behind this advertisement was a shrewd entrepreneur who judged that a titled European would attract more trade than would an untitled American, regardless of the latter's character, personality, charm or experience. There were, he wisely concluded, enough snobs in the world to make the employment of "a genuine nobleman" a paying proposition. The point is, of course, not that a nobleman may or may not be a fine, able fellow, but rather that nobility should be made a main test for employment.


Photograph of an Etiquette Instructor in London Teaching Debutantes How to Make Their Curtsy at Their Presentation at Court at Buckingham Palace. These Young Women Would Not Curtsy in the Presence of a Great Scientific, Literary or Medical Leader Although They Cheerfully Bow Before Royalty.

Professor Albert Einstein, One of the Foremost Brains in the Whole World—Yet a Modest, Retiring, Simple Man Who Abhors Pomp, Ceremony and Social Preferment.

However, before examining more exhaustively snobbishness in every day life, and before summarizing psychological thought as to what makes snobs of so many of us, let us consider the unbiased verdict of the investigators. Certainly the most extensive and enlightening was that conducted by Professor Allport. For his subjects he had the entire student body of Syracuse University—some 5,000 young men and women from every part of the nation, the sons and daughters of rich and poor alike, of educated and uneducated parents, of Republicans, Democrats, Catholics, Protestants, and indeed of every other conceivable group.

Now, Allport found that regardless of intelligence, character, good or bad fortune, personal charm or integrity, 85% of the 5,000 students would not live with Japanese, Chinese, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, "Bohemian" folk, Bolshevists or anarchists What is more, 73% would not be seen around with persons shabbily dressed—no matter who or what they were; and 71% would have nothing to do with families of social standing less than that of their own families.

The questions used were quite specific, the students were given to understand their import and had every reason, so far as could be assured by approved scientific practice, to understand them. Thus, when they answered that they "would not live" with those races and types enumerated above they understood that they were making race a primary and all important factor upon which to base their selection of associates. The words "live with" were used, as they knew, to mean simply ordinary association such as dwelling in the same rooming house, club or home. The Chinese in question might be as intellectual and as spiritual, as noble and lovely of character as Confucius, but, none the less, the students would always consider race as a bar to social, every-day equality.

The Bolshevist might be, personally, as Christ-like and as honorable and charmingly companionable as you please—but they would not dwell in the same house with him, let alone be friends and be seen with him. Nor consort with a shabby, down at the heel fellow—whether he was an artist of world repute, in hard luck; or a former New York banker and victim of the crash—no, they would not consort with him, nor be seen in his company, if they could avoid it. Quite openly, in other words, did they admit, as a principle of their lives, regarding wealth and position as above and beyond character and personal worth.

Even more interesting, perhaps, were the figures for different classes of students. By far the highest percentage of persons holding such views—in other words, let us say, of snobs—was found among the members of college fraternities. Incidentally, this group placed smaller emphasis on the value of good serious work in college than did the other groups, thought cheating in examinations less serious than did the others, and twice as many as in any other group admitted cheating in examinations.

The group containing the next highest percentage of those holding snobbish views was made up of students in home economics — all women. The group containing the third highest percentage was composed of those taking business courses. While in the group which included the lowest percentage were those students doing graduate work in such courses as philosophy, law or medicine. In other words, women are more snobbish, as the dictionary defines the term, than are men; fraternity members more snobbish than other collegiates, and—strikingly significant, indeed, seems this last clearly indicated deduction—the further one goes in his or her studies and the wider becomes his intellectual grasp, the less snobbish he or she becomes.

In view of these revelations, is it to be wondered at that we read of the night club employer putting "a genuine title" above character and experience, untitled charm and personality? Or that we see, as we did in 1928, an outstanding American statesman denied voting support by thousands because he was born on the East Side of New York, and because he made mistakes of grammar and pronunciation. Or that we see an important automobile manufacturer, with hundreds of competent former employes waiting to be called back to work, finding a place in his organization for a nephew of the deposed King of Spain? Or the Harvard Crimson recently advocating that all men who must work their way through college be barred from entrance? Or American women spending so much time and money each year for the empty honor of being presented at the Court of St. James?

In short, is there, can there be, any question that the percentage of those who make wealth and position rather than character the supreme test for friendship, advancement, public office and even employment, in the general run of Americans is commensurate with that found among college students? In any case, it is a fact that the Syracuse University findings have been borne out by the other and similar researches mentioned in the beginning of this story. And we find Dr. Wayland F. Vaughn, of Boston University, saying, "We make too much of position in the social scale; to rise in that scale is, no doubt, very gratifying and a proper ambition; but to sacrifice all happiness, ease, contentment, and even more important things, to that ambition, as so many do, is foolish in the extreme."

Under the psychological microscope, this prevalent quality of snobbishness shows some very interesting characteristics. For example, its origin in the generality of cases is not at all what a good snob might think, and one may become and continue to be the most objectionable kind of a snob without knowing or realizing it. Curiously, almost invariably do the most snobbish pride themselves on not being snobbish at all; true, they say, they think themselves better than many persons, but they contend they are better, and demand, in effect, "How can that be set down as snobbish? That is simple truth."

Unlike poets, snobs are both born and made. In the first instance, that of birth, it is clear that a human born and brought up in the snob's creed that he is better than other folks will adhere to that creed, especially in the case of rich, well placed families.

The Late Lord Curzon, Leader of the House of Lords, Who Refused to Shake Hands with Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald Because He Had Been a Pit Boy.

More interesting and important is how snobs are made by life. To begin with, the widest base for the beginning of snobbery in a person, boy or man, is not a conscious feeling of superiority, but an unconscious feeling of inferiority. Growing up, the victim finds himself making failures in tests of intelligence, ability to get ahead, to make friends, or to compete with others as a student, orator or what not. What to do? Of course, here and there are exceptional folk who see, truly their failings, ascertain the real reasons and laboriously set about building up personal qualities of mind and heart by which to better his ability, his capacity for making friends, and his ability to concentrate and learn, etc. On the contrary, the more common reaction to this is for the self-dissatisfied one to seek short cuts to self importance. In other words, it is more common for mankind to seek the easiest way.

Thus the dissatisfied one goes around and gets himself elected to a certain club, or failing that he forms a club of his own. Likewise, instead of conforming to others' standards of personal value, he sets up and fights for standards of his own. What he has, or has the capacity to get—that is the best thing in the world, and the thing all men should strive for. Honorary titles, entrance into select—so-called—social groups, appointive offices, good clothes, etc., are the easiest things in the world to get; easiest, that is, compared to trained mental ability, technological excellence, firm and disciplined character. So the self-dissatisfied fellow, gaining these lesser things and seeking always to make them seem important, gets an air of false confidence which, because it is false, is always more arrogant than any real confidence.

And here, then, you have the snob. And as he goes on in this way, he comes to believe unquestioningly what he preaches and lives by; indeed, continually bolstering his belief, and persuading himself, he even comes to really believe himself better than other folks because of the exaltation of his own false standards. It is not surprising if he inculcates these standards in his progeny. Perhaps, nothing better makes the whole analysis clear than to recall the utter disregard which geniuses like Edison and Einstein have for society honors, position, badges of honor, etc., as opposed to the pride and pompousness with which many an industrious, dull little man labors to get on committees before the public and into society.

The explanation of the comparatively marked snobbishness of women is found in this same inferiority feeling. They are subject, of course, to the forces suggested so briefly in the discussion above; but in addition they have another difficulty with which to contend. For centuries, say the scientists, through social and political organization men have endeavored to force upon women the belief that her sex was inferior. So she had even more reason than man to entertain a sense of failure; and when she, individually, happened to be born with the kind of make-up that seeks the easiest way, she naturally went at it with even more intensity and earnestness, on the average, than did the opposite sex. And so, when she is a snob, she is inclined to be a better, more wholehearted snob, I think, than her mate. As to this, Dr. Vaughn makes a most interesting observation. He says:

"The eagerness for good social standing, as it is called, appears in its greatest intensity among those sensitive individuals who feel their station and who need privileges to bolster up their self-respect." And women, beyond doubt, are the most sensitive—the most introspective of the sexes.

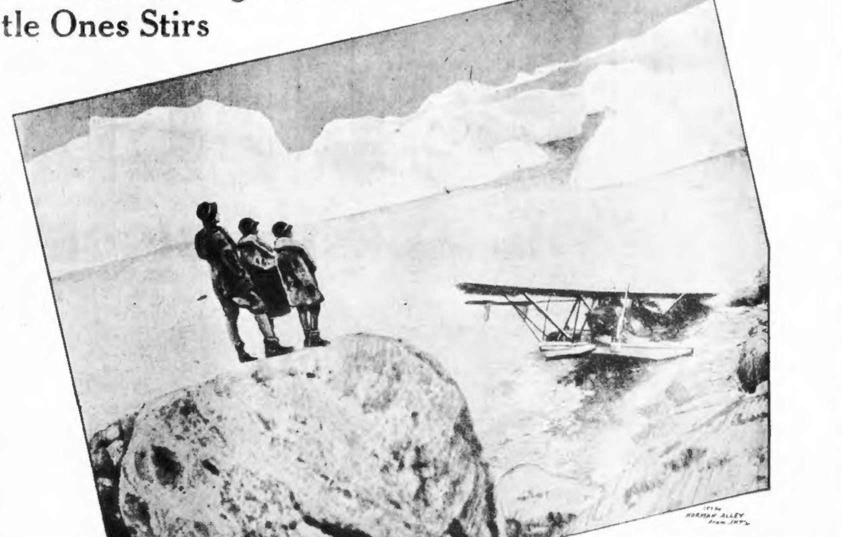
There is no doubt that snobbery works great harm upon us all. In the snob himself, it blocks growth and limits achievement because, self-persuaded of his own superiority, he makes no real effort to improve his talent or character. He neglects his mind and often his soul until he becomes little more than a gilded human dud. And in its relation to the snob's fellow men, just how much bitterness, disillusion, conflict and even crime have been caused by the actions of snobs in applying their false standards to the lives of their fellow men, collective and individual, it would be difficult if not impossible to overestimate.

The reader may be interested to get a measure of his or her own snobbishness by answering the questions put to American college students and printed at the top of this page.

New Laws to Restrain Parents Like the "Flying Hutchinsons"

The Widespread Indignation Over the Risking of the Lives and Health of Helpless Little Ones Stirs the Officials of the Children's Societies to Move for Rigid Enactments and Severe Penalties

Pathetic Photograph of Little Julius Schaeffer, 10-Year-Old Deaf Mute, Who Was Sent Up in an Airplane to Try to Shock Him Into Finding a Way to Speak. This Having Failed, the Unfortunate Child Was Next Day Frightened by Being Shaken About in "The Whip" at Coney Island.



Photograph of Mrs. George Hutchinson and Her Two Little Daughters, Standing on a Barren Rock on the Inhospitable Shore of Greenland. The Wreck of the Airplane Appears in the Foreground, While the Icebergs Are Seen Scattered About. Photograph Copyrighted by Norman Alley, Who Accompanied the "Flying Hutchinsons."

Charlie Chaplin's Two Children Were Brought Back From Europe by Their Mother, Who Had Signed a Contract for Herself and the Boys to Appear in Motion Picture Films. Charlie Chaplin, Their Father, Protested to the Courts and the Judge Refused to Allow Mrs. Chaplin to Exhibit Them.

Arveta Rogner and Winifred Zinkner, 15-Year-Old Children, Who Were Risking Their Lives in Parachute Jumps at Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

THE civilized world was startled when it read the news that Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hutchinson, of Baltimore, Md., had started off to make an around-the-world trip in an airplane, taking along their two little daughters, Janet and Kathryn. Why should any father and mother in their right senses plan such a trip and take along their little ones? If Hutchinson and his wife wanted to risk their necks, that was their affair. But to endanger the lives of a six-year-old and an eight-year-old child aroused widespread indignation.

Well, the expected disaster happened. Amidst the fog and icebergs of the inhospitable shores of Greenland the plane was forced down. By rare good luck the "Flying Hutchinsons" escaped with their lives, but with the loss of their flying machine.

Somebody had told the relatives of little ten-year-old Julius Schaeffer, of 174 Taylor St., Brooklyn, N. Y., that a great shock might cure their deaf and dumb little one. So he was sent up in an airplane and frightened almost to death—of course with no beneficial results.

Intrigued by this bold experiment on the Schaeffer boy, Joseph Briotta, of Agawam, Mass., decided he would try the same thing on his six-year-old boy, Luke. He arranged for an airplane flight and was standing on the field when the flying machine burst into flames at a height of 2,000 feet. The wings flew off and the fuselage of the airplane hurtled down and buried itself in a swamp. Little Luke was found dead with a piece of engine pipe through his head.

There are laws on the statute books requiring parents to clothe and feed their children properly, and neither father nor mother is permitted to endanger the lives of their little ones by exposure to diseases, hardships or severe punishments. And yet the "Flying Hutchinsons" and the parents of the two afflicted deaf and dumb boys were permitted to risk the lives of their helpless little ones without interference or punishment. But the officials of the children's societies are now preparing a law which will reach out after such parents.

In fact, in the State of New York, this section of the Penal Code could have been used to prosecute the "Flying Hutchinsons:"

"A person who wilfully causes or permits the life or limb of any child actually or apparently under the age of 16 years to be endangered or its health to be injured or its morals to become depraved or wilfully causes or permits such child to be placed in such a situation or to engage in such an occupation that its life or limb is endangered or its health likely to be injured or its morals likely to be impaired is guilty of a misdemeanor."

But with the development of such instances as the Hutchinson children and the deaf mute boys, it is realized that a more definite, clean-cut law should be enacted which will put a stop to such exploits. And the next legislatures in various States will have such a law presented to them for enactment.

The present law in the State of New York would make the Hutchinson exploit not more than a "misdemeanor" and the punishment might be only a $5 fine. Many States do not even have as gentle a law as the one quoted above—it is not even a "misdemeanor" to send a helpless child into the air to experience a brutal shock and perhaps, as in the case of little Luke Briotta, come down from his unwilling trip with his head pierced by a pipe from the airplane engine. If the Hutchinson parents had succeeded in drowning their two little girls in the icy waters of the north and had themselves escaped—would a fine for a "misdemeanor" have been adequate punishment?

The officials of the societies for the protection of children against the bad judgment or deliberate cruelty of parents have prepared a law with more "teeth" in it and heavier penalties—a law which will stop the Hutchinsons from repeating their exploit.

When the Hutchinsons reached England, and finally New York, on their return home from the terrible experiences off the coast of Greenland, they seemed to be surprised that anybody saw anything to object to in their trip. They could not understand some of the things that have been printed like these:

"I should breathe a lot more freely if I could be certain that someone would give Mr. George Hutchinson a running kick at his flying pants," said a writer in the London Empire News.

"We have said before that Hutchinson ought to be clapped into jail for thus imperilling his two little daughters," one New York newspaper remarked. And another said: "There is, no doubt, universal condemnation of a flier who, for commercial exploitation, took two children on a flight of this sort."

And still another writer commented:

"They ought to have left the father out there (in the icy sea) a couple more days just to throw a scare into him for taking those children."

"But why just the father?" writes Elsie Robinson in her column of comment. "What about the mother who would subject her babies to such a risk? Mothers are people in 1932 and should be treated as such, and a flying mother who will risk her babies on such an expedition is exactly as responsible as a flying father. Something should be done about such parents."

Incidentally, it turns out that Mr. Hutchinson narrowly missed being clapped in jail for embezzling $34,220 a few years ago while employed as a bookkeeper in a Philadelphia bank. He obtained a suspended sentence and was put on 25 years' probation. If the parole officer of Pennsylvania had not amiably given Hutchinson permission to go outside of the State of Pennsylvania, his disastrous trip would not have been taken.

But while nothing has been "done" about the Hutchinsons and the parents of the two deaf mute boys, the courts have "done something" in some other cases.

When the divorced wife of Charlie Chaplin signed a contract to exploit the two little Chaplin boys in the movies, Mr. Chaplin went to court and after much trouble and expense succeeded in stopping her. Mrs. Chaplin, like the "Flying Hutchinsons," was pained and surprised to find the court and much of the public not in sympathy with her "ambitions for the children." To divorced wives of rich men, custody of the children is usually the grand financial prize for which their lawyers make them strive and usually win. With it often goes the handling of a princely income set aside for the bringing up of the little ones.

From this, wives often get the wrong impression that custody of the children is one of the spoils of the divorce war and therefore that they are entitled to squeeze all the profit they can out of it. In reality, the court usually gives the children to the mother not as a reward but on the theory that since she has nothing else to do but spend the money her ex-husband is forced to provide, she will devote her life to the interests of the children.

Charlie Chaplin sees no excuse for exploiting his sons. In his petition to the court, the screen comedian said:

"That your petitioner believes it will be detrimental to the present and the future of the children to employ them in motion pictures or any other business; that your petitioner desires to have said children lead normal lives, unhampered by business activities, until they can determine for themselves what business they may desire to follow."

If a screen career had been forced on these boys, at least they would have appeared in clean pictures and presumably been shielded from corrupting influences. But the other day the New York branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had to rescue sixteen little girls aged from 6 to 4 from the stage of Earl Carroll's "Vanities." They were to have paraded in pure white gowns and, no doubt, their innocence would have provided a charming contrast to some of the other talent—but what were their parents thinking about?

Colonel Ernest K. Coulter, general manager of the local branch of the society, was astonished and somewhat discouraged at the cheerful indifference exhibited by the fathers and mothers of the little tots. It has often been pointed out to the credit of even the most notorious women that they usually do their best to prevent impairment of the morals of their daughters.

The mothers of these sixteen children were respectable married women but they probably read of the unsavory "bathtub" episode and prison sentence of the head of the organization, nor had they any illusions about the lives led by some of its actors and actresses. Yet all of the mothers had been persuaded that it would be a "wonderful chance" to let a daughter six years old or even less grow up in such an atmosphere. The society convinced Acting Mayor McKee that it would be too much of a chance.

With the rather feeble law for the protection of children as it exists at present in New York State, Charles Golnick, superintendent of Nassau County, Long Island, S. P. C. C., managed to stop the practice at Roosevelt Flying Field of having children risk their necks in parachute jumps from airplanes. Arveta Rogner and Winifred Zinkner, being only 15 years old, perhaps could not be expected to have any better sense than to show off in that way. And their parents did not seem upset even when Arveta, in a 2,000-foot jump, failed to get her parachute open until just barely in time to save her life.

While this close call was fresh in everyone's mind, the Society was able not only to persuade Arveta's mother to "speak" to her reckless daughter but also to have the Grand Jury investigate and caution the aviation industry "against any act which might seem to involve the exploitation of children."

To be guilty, a parent must expose the child wilfully. By stretching the imagination, it is possible to suppose a parent so ignorant as to mistake one of those revues for a moral and uplifting play, or think that parachute jumping is a nice, safe amusement for children. But the Hutchinsons are fliers and, like anyone who has gone to grammar school, know that the Arctic wastes are one of the most dangerous places in the world to fly over. The perils to life and limb of their little girls were to be expected and it was only by good fortune and the work of others that this wilful exposure did not kill them.

First, a blizzard struck the plane. After battling it for some time, Hutchinson was forced to make a practically blind landing, dodging icebergs and cliffs in the process. Drift ice punctured a pontoon. The crippled ship was taxied to shore where the family and crew salvaged what they could before it turned turtle and sank in shallow water.

On the rocky, desolate island where they found themselves, the ill-clad group huddled in the driving snow. During the night rockets were sent up and oil and films were burned.

Next day, the family and crew constructed a flimsy shelter with stones and a piece of fabric stripped from the plane. From clambering over the rocks in thin shoes, the children's feet were bruised and bleeding. New shoes were fashioned from life preserver covers.

On the second night, a light at sea was sighted. Burning their last films, oil, and flares, the shipwrecked party hailed the trawler, Lord Talbot. At dawn the next morning she nosed in through the ice to pick them up. All this time it had been bitterly cold. As the family boarded the ship they saw an iceberg slowly crush the wreck of their plane.

Dangerous flights are usually done on the excuse that they will prove something. The Hutchinson flight has proved to most people that severer penalties are necessary to stop such exploits with helpless children. And who reimburses the sailors, ship-owners and delayed passengers for their losses in rescuing them? NOBODY.

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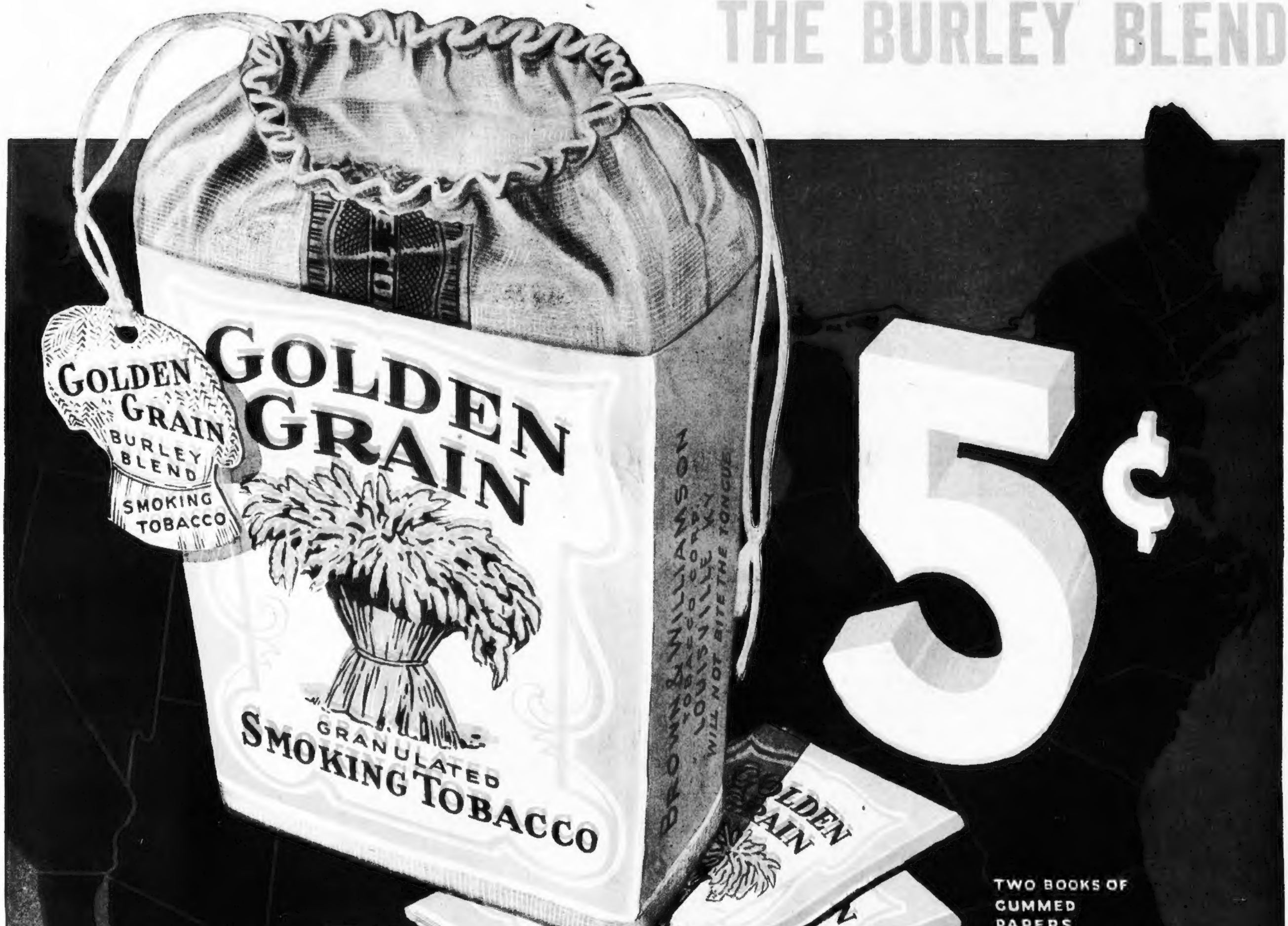
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To Solve the Mystery of Madagascar's Man-Eating Tree?

An English Explorer and His Wife Prepare to Hunt Down a Legendary Plant-Monster Which is Said to Furnish Its Worshipers Intoxicating Juices in Return for Human Sacrifices Fed to It

A Typical Madagascar Village in the Country Where the Stories Locate the "Man-Eating Tree."

LONDON, Nov. 7.

CAPTAIN VICTOR DE LA MOTTE HURST and his expedition are getting ready to explore the land of Sinbad the Sailor and Captain Kidd, hoping to find specimens of the "roc," that mythical monster bird which may not be mythical at all but a survival of something from the prehistoric past. This is only a hope, but they fully expect to take moving pictures of something even more extraordinary—natives making sacrifice to the legendary, and what most botanists believe is the mythical, "man-eating tree" of Madagascar.

Madagascar, a great island in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Africa, has been constructed by Nature so that it has always been burglar-proof to the conquerors of the past and still resists the white man of today. It is as if Nature had deliberately constructed a game-sanctuary here where anything may have survived from before the ice ages, before man started his exterminating career.

Anyone can sail around the island, whose coast in most places is protected by five miles or more of reefs and shallow water on which the surf breaks and in which no boat large or small can survive. Many have ascended part way up its rivers and aviators have flown over parts of it, but what the trackless jungles hide in the way of gold and precious stones as well as scientific treasures is almost as unknown today as it was to the Pharaohs and the Caesars.

Science has only hearsay evidence, as a burglar has of the treasures he hears lie in the vaults of the Bank of England. Captain Hurst's problem is much the same as that of the burglar. He knows he cannot break into that mysterious interior very far, but, if he can convince the natives, they might let him in and show him the way as guardians of the treasury do to properly accredited sight-seers.

Captain Hurst has made two previous trips to Madagascar in which he collected information from the softened and civilized natives of the settlements along the coast and a mass of evidence from the missionaries of the island, all of which, he says, convinces him that the man-eating tree really exists.

It was the early missionaries who made it so difficult for any white man to ever see the incredible tree. Naturally, the missionaries expressed horror at the existence of such a thing and especially at sacrificing human beings to it. They ordered the natives to cut down every specimen of the tree on the island.

But the story is that the tree was holy and sacred to the queer little undersized black men who live in the pathless interior. They are supposed to worship it as devoutly as the missionary worships his, and they would no more tell a white man where to find and destroy their deity than a good churchman would give information to a communist who wished to blow up a cathedral. Captain Hurst is not telling how it is to be done but he thinks he knows a way of convincing the jungle blacks that he will not desecrate their divinity. In fact he will join in their worship, going through all the details of their own ceremony and as a special act of veneration point a black box at it and grind a crank at the side. That is, of course, if he finds it.

The Curious "Fly-Catching Goose Plant," a Botanic Marvel of Tropical America Which Lures Flies into the Trap in the Centre by Its Nectar, and Then Closes Up On Them Like the Leaves of the Legendary Man-Eating Tree and Digests Them.

It is his ambition to take pictures of the actual sacrificial ceremony, but there too is a difficulty. He cannot stand by while a human being is sacrificed and therefore must induce them to substitute some other creature. One of his reasons for believing in the reality of the vegetable man-eater is that all descriptions gathered from numerous sources and at different times correspond remarkably to that given by Dr. Carl Liche, an Austrian explorer and as far as known, the only reputable white man who has claimed to have seen the thing. Captain Hurst sums up what he knows of the tree as follows:

"The tree, all accounts agree, is like a huge pineapple, about 6 feet round the base, and seven to eight feet tall. A number of long tendrils, each about as thin as the arm of a man, point upward.

"Its leaves, large and concave, resemble elephants' ears, and are literally lined with claws. The tree exudes an intoxicating liquid which the natives drink to dope themselves before any religious ceremony. Then ceremonial dances, rising to the height of madness, take place around the tree.

"The culminating moment of the sacrifice is when a young girl is made to drink the liquid and is forced up to the top of the tree. With some curious sense, apparently possessed by the tree, and like that of one little Venus fly trap, the tendrils entwine as soon as the sacrificial victim is within their clutches; the leaves slowly raise themselves and completely hide the sacrifice.

"Slowly, like a vise, the tendrils and leaves crush the body and the tree absorbs the flesh and blood. Anyone who doubts the physical power of the vegetable kingdom should remember how quickly the sensitive plant lowers its leaves at the slightest touch, and that roots of ordinary trees crack open ledges, destroy masonry foundations and pull heavy sewer pipes apart.

Remarkable Photograph of a Giant Venus Flytrap in Which a Rat Has Been Caught—the Cannibal Plant in Madagascar, If It Exists, Is Probably a Development of Some Such Carnivorous Flora.

"The leaves are said to remain closed and contracting ever tighter and tighter and tighter for five to six days. Then they open up again, revealing only the broken bones of the skeleton, picked so clean of meat that the various carnivorous animals do not bother with them. Only the ants find anything left. These bones tumble down to the base of the tree, where they add to a heap of previous ones, grim warning to keep away."

The French govern this island, which is bigger than France itself, but they make no pretence of protecting anyone who attempts to penetrate the jungle fastnesses of the interior. Once the expedition starts hewing its way through that tangle which grows up behind almost as fast as it is cut down in front, the blood of the members will be on their own heads and the natives know this, from past experience.

The natives are tricky, inclined to change their minds and while the first few tribes through whose territory they pass may be friendly, others may feel differently. If the captain's scheme works to get him in there is no certainty that it will get out. Most anything may happen to him and other male members of the expedition, but they will certainly not be sacrificed to the tree—if there is one.

That undesirable honor is reserved exclusively for the female sex, a fact which should interest Mrs. Hurst who will, as usual, accompany her husband.

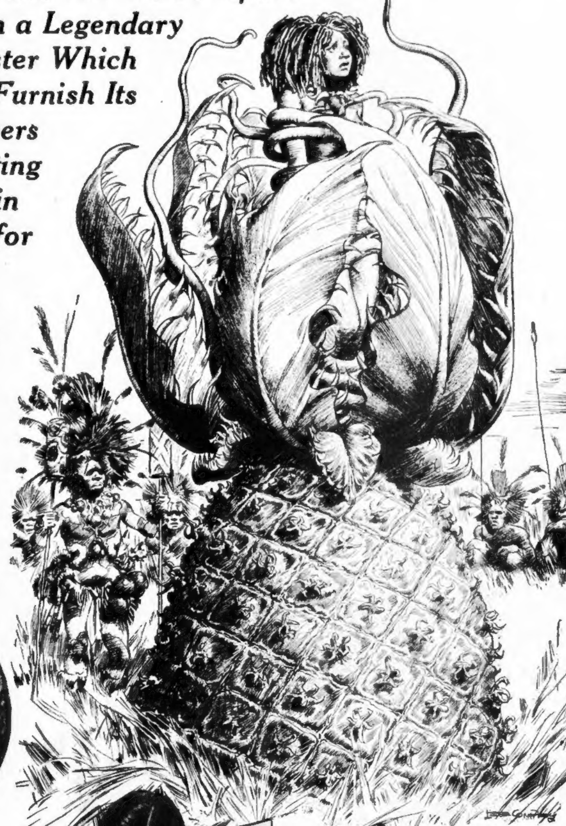
Even assuming that the natives will be friendly and helpful instead of leading the outfit into a jungle swamp and ambushing them as has been their custom, the trip will be difficult and perilous enough to suit even the most adventurous. The captain gives his itinerary as follows:

"We shall cross from Zanzibar to Majunga, and take a coastal steamer—which sails about every forty days—for Morundawa, about 300 miles, where we shall fit out for the interior. Then by means of a fleet of catamarans we shall go down the coast to the Tsirabihina River—on both sides of which there is nothing but virgin forest.

"When we come to the upper regions of the island, we shall be carried on 'Filinjana'—carrying chairs. After that our way will be toward Antananarivo, the capital, traveling about 200 miles at an altitude of 5,000 feet.

"We shall then explore Ansirabe Bay, and at the foot of the hills we hope to find gold and precious stones. Then, entirely through unknown and virgin forest, we shall make our way back to Majunga, following the line of the River Marovorny."

Besides the botanist, mineralogist and other trained specialists, there is room in the expedition for eight husky, adventurous youth with perfect health and $3,000 cash to contribute to the general expenses. To those who apply he promises a list of menaces to life, limb and health, forbidding enough to most persons, but alluring to the type of men he wants.



According to One Explorer's Description of the Man-Eating Tree, the Sacrifice, a Girl, Was Forced to the Top of the Monstrous Plant and Then the Thick Tendrils Wound Around Her Like Ropes. Then the Leaves Arose on Their Long Stalks and Closed in on Her, the Claws Inside Them Tearing Into Her Flesh and Pulling Her Down to the Cup That Was the Mouth of the Thing, While the Medicine-Man and Warriors Watched.

Captain de la Motte Hurst and His Wife Who Are Setting Out to Find the Cannibal Plant.

To begin with, not half of the poisonous insects and reptiles of the jungle have been named by science and no deal can be made with them. Paddling down a river, except for the danger of drowning in rapids and waterfalls, seems safe enough. But this particular river happens to be alive with crocodiles in many places. These are not the kind that wait for a man to fall into the water before starting hostilities. This species is a "go-getter" that upsets canoes, bites holes in the pontoons of catamarans and creeps up the river bank to attack camps.

Though these crocodiles are slow-moving creatures, a man must never let one of them get within its own length of him. If he does the crocodile will whirl with astonishing agility. As the great dangerous-looking mouth spins away from him the heavy tail comes flying over the ground and hits him. If it does not break any bones it is certain to throw the man's feet from under him, and before he can get up and recover his rifle the reptile is sure to have him in his jaws.

Sailing along the coast they will pass the haunts of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, including an area where he is supposed to have buried much treasure. Everyone who joins the expedition has to promise not to hunt for that. Natural deposits of oil, gold, diamonds and rubies are worth a little time and any amount of time and risk is not too much to get a glimpse of the "man-eating tree" and living fossils in the form of prehistoric monsters that have died out in the rest of the world thousands, perhaps millions of years ago, but pirate gold is unscientific, and besides a careful study of the subject convinces Captain Hurst that nobody ever finds any.

Dr. Liche said he stumbled upon the scene of the sacrifice to the "man-eating tree," when lost in the jungle on the banks of a small stream and was lucky to escape unseen. His interpreter instantly identified the pineapple shape of the tree and warned him to watch from hiding. Dr. Liche said:

"With wild chants the native men surrounded a young native girl and at the points of their javelins, forced her to the tree which looked as inert and harmless as any other. There was a moment of despairing protest and then she climbed up the leafy covering to the top which contained a cup-like hollow containing a sticky fluid.

"'Tsik! Tsik!'" commanded the men.

"Stooping, she drank from the cup, rising instantly, terror in her face and convulsive cords in the muscles of her legs. In spite of the threatening javelins she seemed about to jump down, but as she hesitated the elephant-ear leaves rose on their long stalks and surrounded her. The claws on their surface tore into her flesh, they pulled her down toward the cup. In another moment they had covered her over. Muffled screams came from the slowly shrinking green heap. Steadily the leaves contracted like a hydraulic press and then blood, mixed with that sticky fluid ran down the trunk of the tree.

"As if at a signal the savages rushed forward shouting and drank this fluid which seemed to intoxicate them instantly."

The interpreter drew Dr. Liche away before he had seen more than the beginning of the disgusting orgy that followed.

It is a fact that there are carnivorous plants like the the Venus fly-trap and the "Fly-Catching Goose Plant," photographs of which appear on this page. But botanists doubt there is any such thing as the "man-eating tree."

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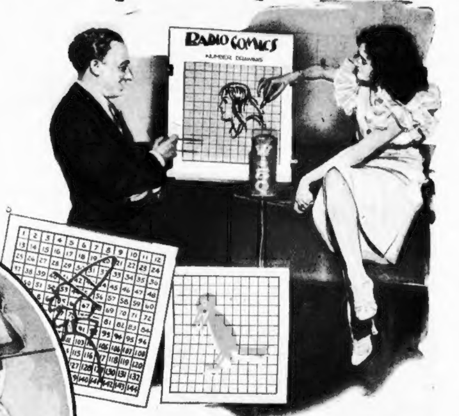

LOOKS EASY—IS EASY. Learn drawing by radio. Page 918, December Popular Mechanics.

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TOM-TOM, TOM-TOM, ZULUS FIGHT—It's wife-stealing lions they fight and Attilio Gatti tells how. See page 922, December issue, Popular Mechanics.

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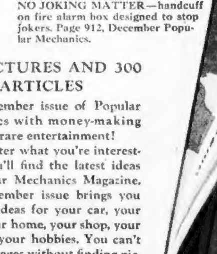

NO JOKING MATTER—handcuff on fire alarm box designed to stop jokers. Page 912, December Popular Mechanics.

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Why You are Actually "Only as Old as You Feel"

Recent Scientific Researches Which Prove That Mental and Physical Vigor Are Not Necessarily Impaired by Age and That Some of the Most Important of Man's Faculties Grow Stronger With the Years

Theodore N. Vail, Who, at Sixty-two, Was Recalled to the Telegraph Organization From Which He Had Retired, and Speedily Built It Up Into a Greater Business Than It Had Ever Been.

Mlle. Mistinguett, the Well-Known French Actress, Who, at Sixty-three, Looks Like a Woman of Thirty and Goes Through Her Exacting Professional Duties as Vigorously. She Is Shown Taking One of Her Strenuous Daily Exercises.

President von Hindenberg, of Germany, Reviewing Troops on His Eighty-fifth Birthday, Hale and Hearty and Able to Do a Full Day's Work Every Day in the Week.

Mrs. Anna Van Skike, Who, at Seventy, Swam Twenty Miles and Became a Champion.

Fanny Ward, Who Is Almost Seventy, but Whose Appearance and Physical and Mental Vigor Are Those of a Woman of Thirty. The Photograph Shows Her on Her Sixty-fifth Birthday.

Edna Wallace Hopper, Another American Woman to Whom Years Have Meant Little. She Was Sixty-three When This Picture Was Taken a Year Ago.

THE Psalmist says that "the days of our years are three score years and ten," adding that after that time their strength is "labour and sorrow." And the famous remark credited to the distinguished American surgeon, Dr. Osler, that "everyone over 60 might as well be chloroformed." lopped ten years off the more generous Biblical limit.

But modern science, carefully testing the relative mental and physical capabilities of people ranging in age from 6 to 92, reports that neither statement is correct. There is no ratio of deterioration between the number of years a man and woman has lived and their usefulness. Up to a certain point, of course. But that point is neither the 70 years fixed by old King David, nor the 60 of the Dr. Osler dictum. Many men and women are vigorous in brain and body long past those two ages—at 80, 90, and even 100. Many exhibit all the symptoms of senility at 30 or 40.

Indeed, the more years a man piles up, the better do some of his most important faculties become—as long as no accident, sickness, worry or similar disability seriously impairs his health, and these are quite as likely to occur to the young as to the old. Big organizations have shown that they recognize this fact of increased usefulness with the years. During the depression the older employes are not being let out, the younger ones are.

One research was carried on by Professor Walter R. Miles, of Stanford University; another by Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia University; similar investigations were made by equally distinguished scientists in England.

At a recent meeting in Ithaca, New York, of the American Psychological Association, Professor Miles gave some of the discoveries he had made after studying for several years the relative abilities of older people and younger people, some as old at 95 years and some as young as 6. He gave strictly scientific data, which confirmed the popular idea that the average person is as 'old as he feels," rather than as old as the calendar shows. Professor Miles more than suspects that people who do not allow the idea of old age and its disabilities to impress them are likely to be those who stay young in mind and body, even into the eighties and nineties.

While the physical comparisons were good, those of the older persons in mentality were even better. In judgment, as ordinary people have observed for centuries, older persons averaged notably better than younger ones. There seems to be virtually no change in imagination during life. Old people are quite as likely to have new, imaginative, ingenious and useful ideas as are people in what used to be called "the prime of life." If they are somewhat slower to make a decision the decision is far oftener likely to be correct. Only in memory is there a slight decline on the part of the very old, and even this is by no means universal. Professor Miles' tests, as reported to the Ithaca audience, indicate that many old people have as good memories as youngsters, or even better ones.

Other psychologists have reached much these same conclusions whenever the characteristics of old age have been really measured instead of guessed at. Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, discovered, for example, that while the speed and ease of learning something new is at its greatest at about 20 years of age, the change in this learning ability up to an age of about 55 is so small that it is unimportant. Any time between about 20 and about 60 the average human being can learn anything that he likes with about the same amount of time and effort.

Confirming these findings, psychologists and medical men have gathered a number of interesting examples. Von Hindenberg, President of Germany, recently celebrated his 85th birthday. A thorough medical examination showed him in perfect physical and mental health. He puts in a full day's work every day in the week. His hearing is undulled, his sight keen. Daily he is faced with the necessity of making the most important of decisions, shouldering a burden that few young shoulders could carry. Yet he is fifteen years over the traditional "three-score and ten," and twenty-five over the Osler limit.

Gladstone was past 80 when he was prime minister of England. Clemenceau was over 70 when he rendered his greatest war-time services to France and was 88 when he died. Verdi composed his opera, "Othello," considered by many musicians one of the best of his works, when he was 82. Galileo discovered the so-called librations of the moon's motions when he was 72 and worked out the theory of the clock pendulum when he was 75. Goethe, the great German poet and philosopher, fell violently in love at 73 and completed his greatest work, the tragedy of Faust, when he was over 80. The great Chinese diplomat, Li Hung Chang, concluded his greatest triumph, the peace after the Boxer rebellion, when he '78. One of the greatest living scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge, is active and productive at the age of 81.

At the age of 62, Theodore N. Vail, who had retired years before from the presidency of the Bell Telephone interests, leaving it in younger hands, was induced to forsake his retirement and again take charge of the company, which was not in flourishing condition. Within five years he had rehabilitated the company, bought the Western Union Telegraph Company, invented the idea of the "night letter" to keep the telegraph plant working at night as well as in the daytime, and had made so many other improvements and innovations that telephone experts still regard him as the father of the modern industry. What the "bright young men" who had succeeded him could not do, "old" Mr. Vail promptly did.

A famous New York citizen, Mr. John R. Voorhis, died recently at the age of 102, after having served vigorously and with public approval as a city official until just after he was 101 Another important city official of New York, Dr. Thomas Darlington, still is in active, useful work at 74.

In 1930 the French Government granted the Legion of Honor to a farm worker, M. Joseph Zalewski, who then was 103 and still at work, having been a practical and successful farmer, the Government citation read, for nearly ninety years. In that same year of 1930 a dancer 89 years old, M. Pierre Guerin, won the prize against all contestants at the folk dance contest at Quebec, Canada.

Miss Fannie Rice, a retired actress, did a prize jig at the age of seventy.

Another seventy-year-old woman, Mrs. Anna Van Skike, of Santa Monica, Cal., swam twenty miles in the Pacific Ocean on her seventieth birthday.

A few months ago Mr. Thomas Gordon, of Grand Rapids, Mich., took his examination for a license as an automobile driver and passed with a perfect score—at the age of 102. To balance this account with the traffic police, an Evanston, Ill., policeman, chased a car containing what he thought were two speeding college lads traveling at 45 miles an hour. When he caught up he found that the speeders were Mr. L. E. Bush, aged eighty-three, and Mrs. Bush, aged seventy-five.

Fanny Ward, once a well-known actress, is well over 60, yet appears no older than 30, as her picture on this page proves

Edna Wallace Hopper, another former well-known actress, is 64. Does she look it? No, indeed.

Professor Miles' studies included 863 California individuals of many occupations and of both sexes. All these were tested by the same series of psychological tests, including tests of the eyes, ears and other senses, tests of muscular ability and of nervous reactions, and tests of mental qualities such as intelligence, imagination and others. As was expected, great variations were found between individuals in all of the age classes. Among men and women of twenty, just as among those of forty or of eighty, there are some who are bright while others are stupid; some who are quick and accurate in using their muscles, others who are slow or awkward. The point is that some of the old people are just as good in virtually all of these tests as are the average young people.

One of the mechanical tests was measurement of speed and acuracy in turning a small crank. Another was in pressing a pedal not unlike the accelerator pedal of an automobile. As was natural, the speed and accuracy of younger persons in these tests averaged somewhat higher than similar average measures for older ones, but the deterioration even of people as old as 70 was much less than might have been expected. There is no reason at all to doubt that persons over 70 may make excellent machine operators, automobile drivers or workers at similar tests requiring good muscular and nervous coordination.

Even in the hazardous and exacting occupation of airplane pilot, tests indicate, there is no real reason to prefer the young or to exclude the old. Recently there was held in London a conference of the International Commission for Air Navigation. One of the subjects considered carefully and at length by the delegates was this one of the permissible age of pilots. It had been urged that an age limit be imposed, like the limits which used to be advocated by some American industries. After the most careful consideration, the delegates unanimously said no.

There may be old men, they agreed, whose muscles or nerves no longer make them suitable as pilots. So are there many young men or young women who are similarly unsuited to these jobs. On the other hand, there are plenty of old or aging pilots, the experts agreed, who will be safer and better men to trust in the air than the average, or even the exceptional, youngster. An age limit, it was agreed, puts the emphasis in the wrong place. What should be done, the conference decided, is to set up standards of personal fitness and efficiency, entirely without regard to age, a conclusion which exactly parallels the facts discovered by Prof. Miles.

Professor Miles' work also has led him, he explained in a recent report to the National Academy of Sciences, in Washington, to a conclusion about one of the causes of the slowing up which he does find in some of the older persons studied. This cause, he believes, is a state of mind. Older people often are told by those around them that they must "save themselves" and be careful. To some extent they do suffer from definite disorders, such as rheumatism or heart trouble. These suggestions or facts make many old people feel old. Such people tend, as a result, to save themselves a little; not to put out too much effort unless it really is important. Professor Miles found clear evidence in his tests, he believes, that many of the older people were not really doing their best. They were reacting more slowly, moving more inaccurately and so on, than they could have done had they been willing to expend as much effort and energy as the youngsters.

There is no suggestion that this self-saving attitude of older persons is conscious and intentional. In most cases it merely is that these individuals have come to think of themselves as old and partly on the shelf. They believe that they cannot do what they once did, so they never try. The Stanford tests suggest that if they did try, many of them would find that they were not really incapacitated but that their brains and at least a great part of their bodies were as good as ever. The majority of women of seventy, for example, would never think of trying to swim twenty miles. Accordingly, nobody ever finds out that many of them could do it with a little practice, just as one woman who was willing to try actually did do it.

The way to keep as young as possible is to keep on doing one's best, not thinking about age or its disabilities, maintaining as many interests as possible and as active ones, yielding to old age only in those things in which the body has acquired a real disability. Such disabilities undoubtedly exist, but for most people they probably would be no more serious than many accidental disabilities acquired in youth or middle age and which alert and active people do not allow to interfere with their lives.

One thing that usually happens to older people, for example, is that the lenses of the eyes lose a part of their elasticity, so that it becomes more difficult to focus the eyes accurately on distant objects or no nearby ones. Ears also may lose a part of their sensitivity, although there are many records of individual old people who, like President Von Hindenburg, kept the full accuracy of both sight and hearing until their deaths. Arteries of old people frequently lose a little of their elasticity, so that high blood pressure and other conditions develop. Heart trouble is another common condition of old age, although again it is by no means a universal one.

The conclusion, science agrees with the experts in aviation, is to judge the fitness and ability and usefulness of any individual on the basis of individual tests and performance, not on any rigid rule that people must be useless at 60 or 70 or even at 100.

By "Kiki"—Queen of the Paris A

Secrets of Life in the Famous "Latin Quarter," the Follies, in the Strangest Collection of Queer People in All the Mlle. Alice Prin, the Best Known Artist's Mod

THE mirage of Art, Literature and Pleasure attracts to the Latin Quarter of Paris the most extraordinary freaks of humanity from all corners of the earth. Some live on the Left Bank of the Seine, Montparnasse, and others in the Bohemian section known as Montmartre. Artists move their studios from one section to the other as the whim seizes them, and their models go with them.

Into this crazy, irresponsible, topsy-turvy life came pretty Alice Prin when she was sixteen, and for eighteen years she has charmed the art colony with her wit and beauty and was recently voted their Queen. Some of the painters and sculptors for whom "Kiki," as she is called, has posed are now rich and famous. Others came to a tragic end, dying of want or despair, or adding their names to the long martyr-roll of vice, alcoholism and drugs.

In these pages Kiki reveals glimpses behind the scenes in the studios which the imagination of novelist or dramatist would never have dreamed of.

Some of the "Dangerous and Wicked" Cabarets Are Maintained in Cellars and Underground Holes by the Sight-Seeing Bus Companies. Here "Murderous Fights" Take Place and the Women of the Streets Pull Each Other's Hair in Jealous Battles Over a Lover." But the Tourists Are Not Told That These "Dangerous" Dens [illegible] Are Perfectly Harmless—Actors and Actresses [illegible] Their "Tragedies" Each Time a Party of Sight Seers Arrives.

Mlle. Ricamontes Niedermann, Paris Cabaret Dancer, Who Was Careless Enough to Take a Moonlight Trip With Two Strangers, to Her Sorrow.

Photograph of Mlle. Germaine Cancel, Black Dancer of the Flan Noir Cabaret, Taken Cheek to Cheek With the Noble Count de Kervellec.

Scene on the Open Air Terrace of Le Dome Cafe, Paris.

Sketches of
Known Ch
Latin Quarte
Paul
Branc
Mlle
Guillaume

By "Kiki"

(Mlle. Alice Prin).

Artist's Model and Queen of the Paris Art Colony.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

© [illegible]

CAFES of the Paris Latin Quarter, as in Villon's time, are still the haunt of turbulent students and their light-o'-loves; of redoubtable [illegible], trollops, writers, wags and rakes [illegible] witted and light-fingered [illegible] whose chief occupation is to have [illegible], and to be ready at a moment's notice to do anything save that which is right.

Gaiety [illegible] of a boisterous and unbridled character in these boozing-dens. In bygone days revelers danced here to the sound of flageolets, [illegible] their flagons of Burgundy, broke the [illegible] and sang hearty choruses. Perhaps modern Bohemians care more for cocktails than [illegible] 's noise, as a dance accompaniment, to that of the flageolet; but they [illegible] to find an outlet for their exuberance, like their predecessors, by bawling out songs and [illegible] furniture.

Last [illegible] er the Russian novelist, Joseph Kessel [illegible] relaxation from his literary labors by [illegible] the Trapeze Volant, a Montparnasse tavern [illegible] ard. He appeared pleased with the [illegible] decorations of the place, the [illegible] Cythereans, the kick in the drinks [illegible], the only discordant feature, in his opinion, was the performance of the [illegible], M. Jean Chabaud, and to show the musician that he disliked his technique Kessel smashed a chair over his head, which resulted in a [illegible] M. Chabaud and a $600 damage [illegible] novelist.

On the [illegible] terrace of the Dome Cafe, Joseph Stella, American painter, used the face of Chil Aronson as a cuspidor because Chil, who organized an exposition of "representative" American artists, had neglected to invite him to join the exhibit. Ary Stillman, modernist dauber, endeavored to act as peacemaker, but had his head ripped open by Stella's cane for his trouble. Then M. Albert Chollet, official bouncer of the Dome, rushed into the fray, belaboring the bellicose Joseph with a chair until a flying squadron of police arrived and carried off the combatants to jail, whence they were transferred to the Cochin Hospital.

Some of the most disorderly individuals are the Surrealist writers and artists. They created a riot—now historic—at the Closerie des Lilas Cafe by shouting insults at Mme. Rachilde, an authoress known as the "chaste painter of perversity." Equally lawless are the law and medical students, whose ringleaders gather at the Cafe Mahieu, on the Boul' Mich'. Not long ago I saw these "mauvais garcons" pelt the police with eggs, tomatoes and large hard sou-pieces when four squads of officers tried to break up one of their demonstrations. On this occasion the bad boys smashed the windows in the classrooms, hissing and booing Professor Ieze and the Dean of the law school, Professor Barthelemy.

The Cafe Mahieu, mentioned above, boasts a number of celebrated patrons: Paul Fort, elected "Prince of Poets" by the Left Bank, and often styled the "discoverer of Montparnasse"; the caricaturists, Galo and Alain; Marquet, the sculptor; Roland Dorgeles, author of "Chateau des Brouillards," who first gained fame by exposing a picture at the Salon des Independants which he had waggishly painted with a brush tied to a donkey's tail; and the advocate Zevaes, a leader of the student insurrection in 1893, when omnibuses were overturned and barricades built as a protest against the arrest of the popular model, Sarah Brown, for appearing naked at the Quat'z' Arts Ball.

In a previous chapter I attempted to describe the mad pranks of the Beaux-Arts students during their annual ball. As a rule, these mischief-makers confine their antics to the cabarets of the Left Bank, yet occasionally they invade establishments across the Seine. One night two years ago, a band of artistic hoodlums ran wild in the Champs-Elysees resorts and, about midnight, stormed the Theatre Marigny in the midst of a Saint-Granier spectacle. The dressing-rooms of the "petites femmes" was their goal, but the doorman gave the alarm and the stage-hands managed to rout the rascals, though not before the charming actress, Mlle. Madiana, had been hugged, kissed, and pinched black and blue.

Brawling students, daubers and scribblers are not the only dangerous clients of the Quarter's cafes. There is the "entoleuse," a seductive creature who tells some conceited male that she can't live without him, invites him to have a drink, puts dope in his glass and then walks off with his wallet. Two years ago M. Ramon de Francia, military attache of Venezuela, was found drugged to death here in the Kosmos Cafe, and robbed of $1,000. Mlle. Sonia, seen with him shortly before he died, was arrested, but escaped prosecution, it is said, by reason of her past good services as a spy for the Surete Generale. Soon afterwards M. Eugene Danguien, a portrait-painter, reported to the police that an amiable blonde he met at the Bec de Gaz bar, Rue du Montparnasse, had stolen his pocketbook containing $2,000.

Armelle Marbeuf and Mathilde Adda were two predatory damsels who victimized many a traveler last Winter. After picking out a likely customer, they would proceed to vamp him, and end up by offering to take him on a sight-seeing trip in their car. If he accepted, the girls drove him down some dark side-street, stuck a pistol in his ribs, and forced him to hand over his valuables. They also had a pair of loaded billies ready to massage any stiff-necked guest.

These beauties did not limit their activities to cafes alone, but cruised about the Etoile district at night in search of suckers. On sighting some strayed reveller, they would drive up to the curb, accost him, and, pretending they were lost, ask the way to Montparnasse. By this ruse the ladies made the acquaintance of Mr. Lewis, a gallant ex-army officer of New York, whom they subsequently robbed of 3,000 francs after he had treated them to a bottle of champagne at a Parnasse "boite-de-nuit." One of their dupes was a Prague journalist, who came to Paris to write a series of articles on the morals of the French capital. Armelle and Mathilde gave him a lot of first-hand information and took all his cash as a fee. Finally last March the two nymphs were nabbed by MM. Boileau and Redeler, inspectors of the Brigade Mondaine, after an exciting auto-chase from the Place Vendome to the Porte Saint-Cloud.

The intimacy which is begotten over the wine-bottle is frequently fraught with peril. Consider the case of Mlle. Camille Guiaume, an attractive modiste of 21, who started out one evening to enjoy herself at a street-carnival in the Rue de la Gaite. At the Bar de la Liberte she fell in with a quartet of spruce young blades, who paid her compliments and a round of drinks. Afterwards, the party adjourned to the Bobino music-hall, and, at the conclusion of the show, danced at La Festa and then wined and dined at the Iles Marquises. In spite of their numerous potations, they tanked up again at the Florida, until all were uproariously stewed.

About five o'clock next morning a circle of curious idlers watched two policemen climb a ladder to the top of a milk-shop, at No. 11 Rue de la Gaite, to arouse Mlle. Guiaume, who was slumbering peacefully in a precarious—and somewhat indecorous—position on the edge of the roof. Questioned later by H. Carrie, police commissary, Camille vowed she was just a poor little milliner, not an acrobat, declaring she could not account for her sudden rise to notoriety, except on the theory that she had been tossed on top of the creamery while in an intoxicated state by the roistering rogues she met in the Liberty bar.

Even professional entertainers, aware as they are of the pitfalls of cabaret life, sometimes come to grief. I have in mind the misadventure which befell Mlle. Ricamontes Niedermann, a 22-year-old Swiss danseuse of the Oceanic. On a moonlight night last June she accepted the proposal of two gentlemen from Toulouse, who had admired her performance, to take a spin in their roadster in the Bois de Boulogne. But instead of driving Mlle. Niedermann to the Bois, they headed for Pantin, an ill-famed suburb of Paris, and made such violent amatory tentatives that the young woman jumped from the car. Luckily, the dancer escaped with a few bruises, and now has learned to be more cautious in choosing companions for nocturnal joy-rides.

In certain night clubs, even the fashionable and expensive ones, ladies should be on guard against the wiles of the gigolo. This male vamp, with his patent leather hair, fine clothes and exaggeratedly polite manner, has a weakness for carrying off trinkets, such as pearl necklaces, handbags and paper engravings executed by the artist of the Bank of France—touching remembrances of his dancing partners. "Giggy" is generally a blackmailer, too.. After making friends with some bejeweled, married woman or one having a wealthy protector, he induces her to write him compromising letters, and then threatens to show them to her husband or lover. He dearly treasures these tender missives, only returning them to their writers for hard cash.

Don Carlos de Tejada, the Spanish nobleman who made a living at Paris as "danseur mondain," and was found slain last year in his apartment among the love-notes of women he blackmailed, often honored Left Bank establishments with his presence, although his principal field of operations was the Coliseum at Montmartre. The Italian dancing professor, Baldassare Moschini,

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Triumphs and Tragedies
World, Revealed by
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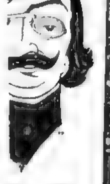
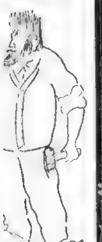
some of the W[illegible] characters of the [illegible] by Paris Artists



Fort, the Poet.



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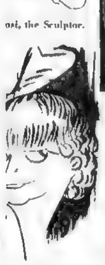
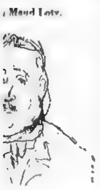


Maud Loty.



Apollinaire, Poet and Wit.

A Typical Street in Montmartre. In These Narrow, Dark, Crooked Thoroughfares Anything Can Happen

This "W[illegible]d Woman" of the Paris Underworld and the Motley Collection of "Vicious Characters" Shown to the Tourists in a Cellar "Den [illegible]" Are Professional Actors and Actresses Paid to Play These P[illegible] to Startle and Thrill the Unsuspecting Tourists.

was another familiar figure in the Quarter. This elegant cavalier is now in jail for killing Mme. Middleton and wounding Mlle. Le Penven, two of his flames who objected to his continued extortions. The shooting occurred in the Cafe Monte Carlo, on the Avenue Wagram.

While on the subject of male flirts I must mention Mme. Jane Weiller's [illegible] twenty gigolos. At the Ka-Ki-Ri bar, in the Rue Pasquier, or the notorious "tea-room" of the Rue Balzac, she might have been seen most any day surrounded by her slick-haired satellites. In November, 1929, she was sentenced to five years in prison for murdering her husband, Robert Weiller. The night of the crime the couple made the rounds of Montparnasse's wildest dives, guided by a Martinique mulatress they had picked up in the Bal Negre, on the Rue Blomet. On returning to their home, Robert, inflamed by the scenes of the debauchery he had witnessed, attempted to play the role of Marquis de Sade. According to Mme. Weiller's court testimony he tried to kill her and their child, and so she drew a pistol from her pajama pocket and shot him in self-defense.

Among the noisiest and naughtiest cabarets are La Boule Blanche, Tagada, L'Elan Noir and Aux Antilles. Here brown girls from Guadeloupe and Martinique, in their gold bangles, foulards and beflowered dresses, chirp Creole airs, offer plantation rum to all comers, and dance "la Biguine" to the music of reed flutes, tom-toms and primitive guitars. "Abandon yourself to your lowest instincts," seems to be the motto of these exotic creatures. Ever since the Colonial Exposition, the vogue of the vulgar "Biguine" has been tremendous in the capital, and it is amusing to see some so-called refined Parisians, breathless and streaming with perspiration, performing this repulsive, pelvic exercise imported from the tropics.

Dark-skinned entertainers are all the rage at present. There is Dinah, a chanteuse whose blood-curdling shrieks bring to mind real African Voodoo worship. She is further distinguished by her pantomimic talent, peculiar laxity of muscles and skill in playing the saxophone, tuba and piano. For eight months Dinah appeared at the Ange Bleu (a night club occupying the site of the Cri-Cri Cabaret where Raoul Cernay founded the Pr[illegible] Montparnasse), and then starred at the Berkeley in London. Now she has a place of her own one block from the Dome Cafe. Her popularity must make Josephine Baker jealous, for Dinah numbers among her patrons notabilities like Prince Otto of Denmark, the Duke of Bourbon, the Marquis de St Miguel and Ivan Mosjoukine, screen artist.

The succ[illegible] of Habib Benglia, bl[illegible] dancer from T[illegible], has been no l[illegible] pl[illegible]nal. Stage beauties flutter about him in b[illegible] the doves to be fed. I recall the consternation of a traveler from New Orleans last season, at the Brasserie Gargantua, when he bought a number of Rachel de Seize's journal, "Mon Paris," and saw on the front page a photo of Benglia, in all his ebon glory, being embraced by Maud Loty, Parisian vedette. Habib first won fame here as an actor in "Maya," and later opened Le Train Bleu, an exclusive club where he frolicked about in his birthday suit for the delectation of his clientele, which included Marie Bell, of the Comedie Francaise, the actresses Jane Marnac and Maud Loty, and the Princess Helen of Greece.

La Coupole Cafe draws the color-line out of deference to some of its U. S. customers. Last May M. Leboeuf came here with two Abyssinians, one of whom is the son of Ezechiel Zoagha—former Minister of Commerce under Emperor Menelik, and a member of the Legion of Honor—and the other a brilliant aviation officer, who recently graduated from the Academy of Saint-Cyr. The three had scarcely seated themselves when the manager came running up, and, addressing M. Leboeuf, declared it was impossible to serve him as he was accompanied by two colored men. Leboeuf departed with his dusky friends, yet not without letting the manager know who they were. Two days afterwards the three received an invitation from the manager to dine at his expense in a private room of the Coupole.

Professor Bernelot Moens, the noted anthropologist, often referred to as the Dutch Darwin, stopped in Paris a few weeks ago on his way to Holland. He is particularly interested in queer people, having studied them in all parts of the world, and is now preparing a work on "Human Types." If the professor went to some of the cafes of Montparnasse I am sure he found abundant material for his new book.

Le Napoli has many colorful clients, but none more so than Michel Simon, with his wavy hair tinted a bright orange hue. This actor, whose real name is Francois Joseph, started his career as a boxing professor, and, judging from his fights with cafe waiters, playwrights and theatre managers, has not forgotten his early training. At the Gymnase Theatre two months ago, he punched the nose of Marcel Achard, author of "Jean de la Lune," because Achard had repeated to Henry Bernstein, director of the Gymnase, Michel's contemptuous opinion of Bernstein's capabilities.

Simon loves animals but abhors women, spending his spare time at home in the company of four pet monkeys. When Mlle. Jacqueline Zay, wax-work caricaturist of Montparnasse, called on him one day to make his portrait, Michel greeted her by saying:

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, if I do not kiss your hand [illegible] they would be [illegible] calm [illegible] with me were [illegible] of [illegible]"

The lovely Jacqueline felt hurt, [illegible] him with a smile. However, she revenged herself by modeling a rather severe caricature of the actor, which was one of the hits of the S[illegible] Humoristes last April.

A pillar of the Oasis Bar, in the Rue V[illegible], is George Reavey, an Irish bard, who penned a more or less intelligent book entitled "F[illegible]'s Metamorphosis." He is likewise the founder of the Meditation Club, whose members live as monks, let their beards grow, sleep on the fl[illegible] and sing hymns. And they do their own cooking, which must be a frightful form of punishment. It seems this manner of existence not only promotes deep thinking, but, best of all, induces some simple-minded folk to give offerings [illegible] to these modern Stylites—most of whom are [illegible] beat artists and authors. The contributions [illegible] worthily invested in boo[illegible]

Lovers of plastic beauty meet nightly at the Croix du Sud Cabaret, where Mlle. Colette Andris skips about gracefully in the costume of Gustave Moreau's "Salome"—without the [illegible]. In the opinion of masculine critics, she is one of the few "danseuses nues" who can display [illegible] sculptural outlines undraped without having to blush for her imperfections. But nakedness is a mania with Colette. Not content with dancing nude on the stage or in a night club, she even appears, it is said, in the altogether at parties in her home.

Mlle. Andris gave a house-warming last year at her residence in Auteuil, during which she served champagne in the dress of Eve before the fall. The hostess was ably assisted by half-a-dozen actresses who, however, were a bit more modest—they wore masks! Among the guests present were Andre de Fouquieres, arbiter of elegance, M. Jules Sauerwein, bank director; Jean-Gabriel Domergue, portrait-painter; the charming Mlles. Rica Mae and Suzy de Solidor; Robert Trebor, M. Layus, and a sprinkling of Academicians, statesmen, army officers—Tout-Paris, in fact.

La Rotonde is a notable gathering-place of literary and artistic aspirants to renown. Here one may see the sculptor Brancusi, whose statue of Countess de Noailles was barred from a recent Salon des Independants on account of its "suggestiveness;" the Rumanian poet, Tristan Tzara, distinguished by his monocle and Dada dictum—"Each must dance his own boom-boom;" the half-starved Turkish painter, Hale Asaf, who nourishes her genius on coffee and crescent-shaped rolls; Mme. Vera Mazzuchi, society darling, whose novel—"Two Bodies and One Soul"—was evidently not written to gain the Monthyon Prize for Virtue; Fernand Leger, who covers his canvases with compasses and cubes; Gines Parra, a Spanish dauber and discoverer of Gleeism—state of perpetual ecstasy; the Jugoslavian bard, Mitsitch, who mocked the Quarter in his book—"Les Chevaliers de Montparnasse"; Lejos Tihanyi, a stone-deaf Hungarian artist, adored by women despite the unflattering portraits he makes of them; Maryse Choisy, Parisian authoress, who disguised herself as a man and visited the women-hating monks of St. Athos; and the tumultuous Countess Monici, "femme peintre," who is now suing the barytone, Tito Schipa, because he refused to pay for the "likeness" she made of him. The Rotonde is also the stamping-ground of La Horde, a group of artists headed by Fernand Dubois, sculptor. Dubois lately organized a fete at the Bal Bullier where the regulation costume consisted of a large vine-leaf.

Gourmets, as well as geniuses, gather at the Rotonde, yet I doubt whether the menus—whatever be their merits—can compare with those of Guillaume Apollinaire, one of the cafe's [illegible] customers. The poet who shared with Paul Fort the honor of [illegible] the Bohemia which crowns the Boulevard Raspail, used to offer his [illegible] cocktail [illegible] of champagne and [illegible] coffee [illegible]ed with violets; fish [illegible] in eucalyptus [illegible] tobacco-seasoned beef, [illegible]; cooked chrysanthemums [illegible] onions; apricots in mustard, and a heavy liquor distilled from lilac-blossoms.

Underground cabarets abound on the Left Bank. One well-known to tourists in quest of shudders is "Le Caveau de la Terreur," in the Rue de la Huchette—a veritable museum of skulls, bones and torture instruments of the Middle Ages. Although M. A. G[illegible], an authority on [illegible] and a member of the "Commission du Vieux Paris," has [illegible] this exhibit as a [illegible] "Tribunal," "P[illegible]," "Execution Room" and fatal "W[illegible]"— [illegible] their "primitive" st[illegible].

Another popular cellar in the Rue Galande, "Les Oubliettes Rouges," [illegible] boasts dungeons [illegible] scribbled [illegible] of Revolutionists, trap doors, [illegible] and iron-collars, pistols, daggers and death's-heads calculated to make shivers run down the spine of the bravest. A guillotine has even been set up in the restaurant-bar, and the spectator has "supp'd full with horrors," like Macbeth, when he leaves the premises.

These bizarre and artificial cabarets, like "The Cave of Terrors" and "Les Oubliettes Rouges" and others, where the [illegible] coffins and the waiters are undertakers, [illegible] patronized by visitors to Paris. Such other cafes are maintained in cellars and subterranean holes by sight-seeing bus companies. Their patrons are taken to these "wicked and dangerous" dives and cautioned that they must be very careful what they say or do in the presence of the murderous cutthroats they will see there. And in front of their eyes are staged nightly battles between "Apaches" and hair-pulling by the terrible women of these dens.

But the guide of the sight-seeing party never mentions the fact that the tough looking Apaches and their frowsy women companions are down-and-out actors and actresses who stage their little "tragedies" several times during the night as the various charabanc parties arrive.

And there are still other cabarets which are truly the home of the filthy and the criminal classes where vile liquor is sold and where no member of the Paris Latin Quarter would ever think of going, and where the guide of the sight-seeing parties could not be hired to show his head.

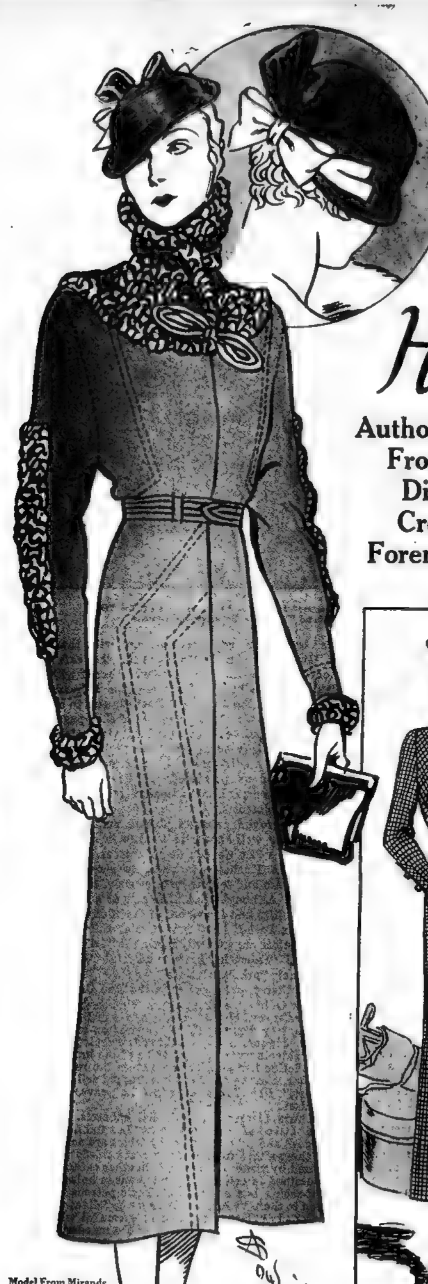
On the Boulevard St. Jacques there is a dingy basement, with bare walls and a zinc bar, where mountebanks and animal trainers mostly congregate. Floriane—first Queen of Montparnasse—is the presiding genius and proprietress of the place, and her history is worth repeating. When she was six years old, her father, a lion-tamer, taught her his art, and Floriane was soon heralded far and wide as the youngest "dompteuse" in the world.

In 1917, the girl came to Paris and settled down in the Latin Quarter, easily bringing under subjection, with her flashing eyes, the wild younkers here, who proclaimed her sovereign of the Quarter. Then she became a professional model, posing for Guerin, Foujita, Derain and Leger. I remember a Bastile Day celebration four years ago when Floriane, seated in an ancient tumbril, was drawn down the Boulevard Montparnasse by a crowd of admirers. In front

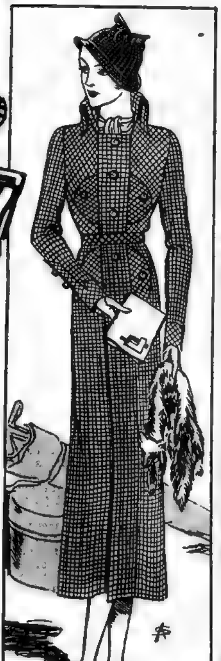
Continued on Page 21

Hats and Gowns That Harmonize

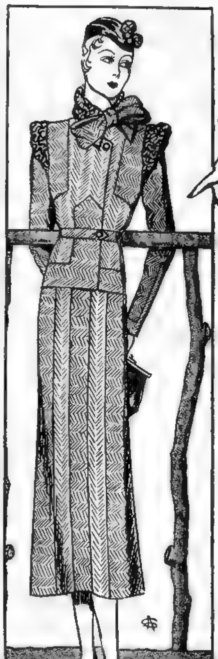
Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



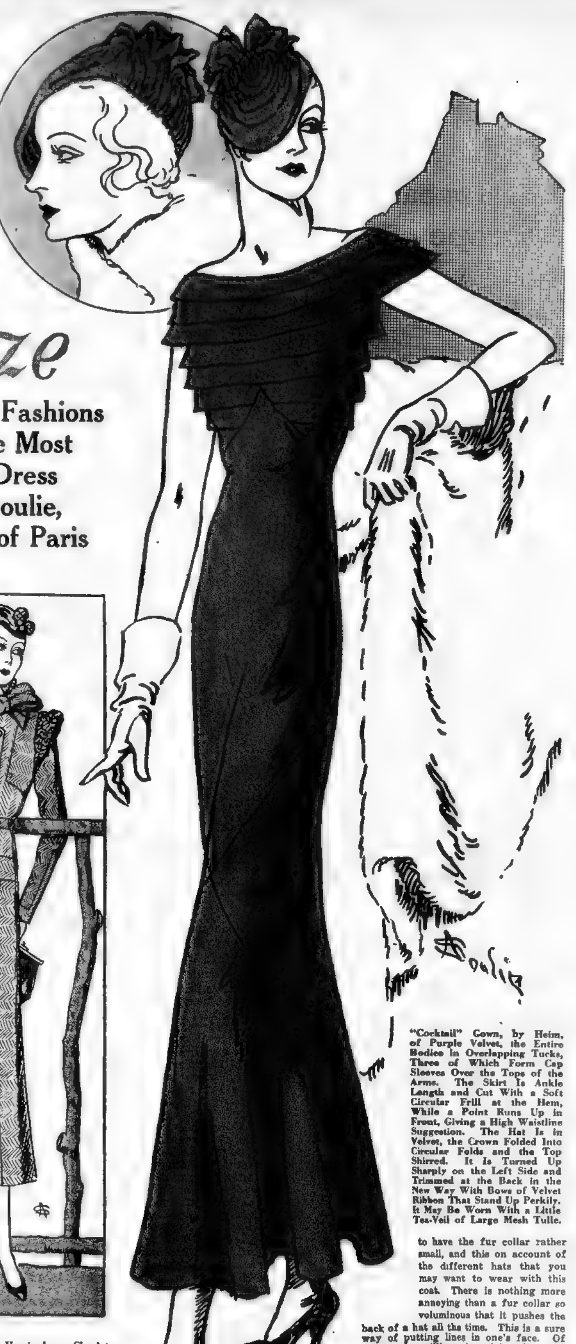
Model From Mirande of a "Utility" Coat, in a Black Woolen Material. The Coat Has Kimono Sleeves, Straight Lines, and Encrustations of Fur Placed in an Unusual Way, All of Which Mark It as Being New. The Fur Is Persian Lamb, Still One of the Great Favorites for Utility Wear, and the Little Yoke Collar May Be Worn Close Up About the Throat or Turned Over. With It One of Agnes's New Hats of Small Black Felt, Set Straighter on the Head Than Usual, but Dipped Slightly in Front.



Here Is an Example of the Perfect Wedding of Coat and Hat. The Coat Is in a Small Indefinite Brown and White Checked Woolen Material, Cut So That the Different Directions of the Checks Form the Only Trimming. The Collar Is Furless, as It So Often Is This Winter in Coats of This Type. A Woolen or Heavy Silk Scarf Fills in the Space Left in the Front at the Neck. A Perfect Hat With This Is From Marie Alphonsine.



Dark Green Small Herringbone Cheviot, the Skirt in Narrow Bands, the Jacket Fitted, With Epaulettes of Persian Lamb, and Little Lamb Collar Tied With a Bow of the Woolen Material in Front. With This a Perfect Choice Would Be the Little Toque From Patou, Who Is Almost as Well Known for His Hats as for His Dresses. It Is in Green Taupe (Fluffy) Felt, and Is Trimmed With Pompons of the Fur, Held in Gilded Metal Balls.



"Cocktail" Gown, by Heim, of Purple Velvet, the Entire Bodice in Overlapping Tucks, Three of Which Form Cap Sleeves Over the Tops of the Arms. The Skirt Is Ankle Length and Cut With a Soft Circular Frill at the Hem, While a Point Runs Up in Front, Giving a High Waistline Suggestion. The Hat Is in Velvet, the Crown Folded Into Circular Folds and the Top Shirred. It Is Turned Up Sharply on the Left Side and Trimmed at the Back in the New Way With Bows of Velvet Ribbon That Stand Up Perkily. It May Be Worn With a Little Tea-Veil of Large Mesh Tulle.

PARIS, Nov. 3.

EVERY well-dressed woman knows that she can spoil the newest and most becoming costume by choosing the wrong hat to go with it. Which to get first, at the beginning of each new season, the hat or the frock, is something like the old question of the hen and the egg. The milliners, it is true, begin earlier than the dressmakers to show Autumn and early Winter hats; and smart Parisians, when they return from the country and think about Winter, often freshen up their wardrobes with a new hat before they seriously set about the business of choosing their new clothes. This first hat, however, is really only to fill in the gap between Summer and Winter, and as it is chosen to go with a suit or coat that exists already, even this argument can be made to help the convention that the costume should be chosen first and the hat later to complete it.

It is not so very long ago, after all, that a woman learned to consider each item of the wardrobe in its relations to others. She used to buy a hat because she thought it was pretty, a pair of gloves because they were new, a pair of shoes because they attracted her. But this consideration of the wardrobe as a set of parts belonging to a whole is the foundation of good dressing. In it, lies the difference between being well-dressed, or of being merely covered from the cold.

So one cannot hope to get along with just any new hat any longer. One must have at least one for each different sort of custume that she intends to wear this Winter; one for sports things, one for general wear in the street, one for afternoons; and one for the formal reception gown, which she will also wear to the theatre in the evening, and without a hat, on Sunday evenings at home, or for an informal dinner anywhere. Four new examples of these types are shown with their accompanying costumes on this page, and together, they pretty well cover the millinery story at the present moment.

The sports and travel coat is in an indefinite brown and cream check, and the hat to go with it is a variation of the cloche, with a dash of the gob hat about it. It is made of stitched velvet in the same colors as the coat. You will find that for sports wear, unless you stick to your beret, there is nothing so practical and so all-round becoming as a small hat with a brim either cloche or sailor, especially when the brim is flexible so that you may alter its lines to suit your own particular face. This costume could also be worn in the morning in town.

Then there is the coat for daily street wear. The ensemble idea, you know (frock and coat made to be worn together), is giving place to a general "utility" coat, which may be worn with several different sorts of dresses, thin wool or jersey ones for morning, and silk or even velvet ones for afternoon. In spite of the fact that the dark shades of red, green, and brown are leaders for the street this Winter, black will be found to be the most generally useful choice for the Winter coat. It can be worn with almost everything, and with almost every color as well.

If you are one of those people who select one color scheme each season, and have everything either match or go with it, you may choose one of the new dark colors for your coat. Otherwise, black is the safest. It is advisable to have the fur collar rather small, and this on account of the different hats that you may want to wear with this coat. There is nothing more annoying than a fur collar so voluminous that it pushes the back of a hat all the time. This is a sure way of putting lines in one's face. Of course, the milliners are giving the question special consideration, at the moment, by turning their new hats up sharply in the back, and putting the trimmings there. There are two hats that show this new line on this page. One of them is drawn with the coat from Mirande. It is from Agnes and is very typical of her newest ideas. The other is drawn with the cocktail grown from Heim, and comes from Blanche et Simone.

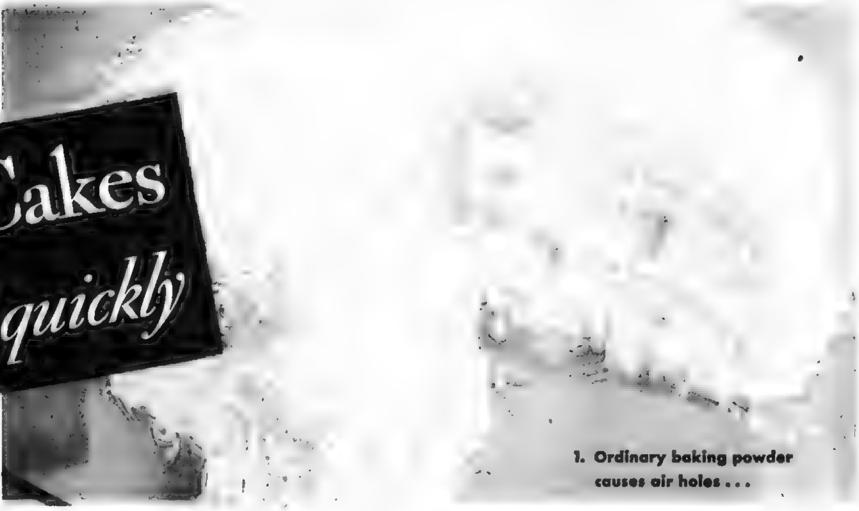
The cocktail gown, as it is called in France, has several other names; one of them is "formal afternoon gown," and the other "Sunday evening gown." Don't call it a "Sunday night gown"—that is too suggestive of lingerie. By any other name, however, it would be as useful. To the woman who has many social obligations, not necessarily formal ones, this type of gown is more generally useful than a really decollete evening one. She can wear it to so many different sorts of parties. The one sketched is in velvet, for, as you know, velvet is the material of the Winter. The hats worn with this sort of model can be as impertinent and saucy as you please. While the rest of the new millinery is quite restrained in line, and often rich and dark in color, these little "six to midnight" hats, as someone has called them, may be almost eccentric, and of a brilliant hue, always provided that they are becoming to you.

Lastly, there is the fur-trimmed suit. This is a most convenient possession, because you may not only finish the Fall and begin the Winter in it, but you may get it out again with the first fine days of Spring. It needs a slightly different sort of hat from that worn with the Winter coat. Its hat should be lighter, snappier, smaller. The one from Patou, with its pompons of fur matching the fur on the jacket, fills all these requirements admirably.

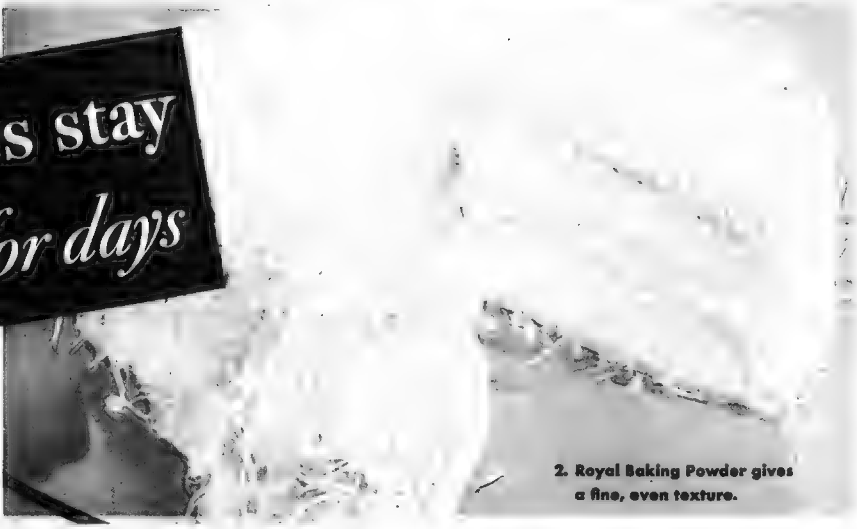
Air Hole Cakes DRY OUT *quickly*

but...

Royal cakes stay FRESH *for days*



1. Ordinary baking powder causes air holes . . .



2. Royal Baking Powder gives a fine, even texture.

ROYAL Baking Powder *insures a finer texture that holds in the flavor*

CAN you bake a cake that will stay fresh . . . moist . . . and delicious for five days? It's no trick at all—if you use Royal Baking Powder.

But use a cheap, ordinary baking powder—and see what happens. In a few hours your cake is dried out...stale...flavor gone.

Do you know why? It's because moisture keeps a cake fresh. And moisture can't escape from a Royal cake. Royal builds up a fine texture. Forms tiny bubbles in the batter . . . that build up millions of little cellular walls in your cake—walls that hold in the moisture.

• • •

Ordinary baking powder generates big, irregular bubbles. When you cut the cake, you find it riddled with "air holes." In a few hours the moisture is gone—the cake is dry and tasteless.

Look at the pictures above. Both cakes were made by the same recipe. With the same ingredients—except the baking powder.

Cake No. 1 was made with cheap, ordinary baking powder. Cake No. 2 with *Royal.*

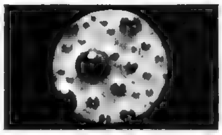
But what a difference in flavor!

When cake No. 1 was tasted—just a few hours after baking—it was flat-flavored . . . second-rate. The large "air holes" had let the moisture escape.

Cake No. 2? You never tasted anything more delicious! Fluffy, tender . . . light as a feather.

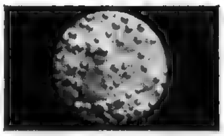
And five days later this Royal cake was still fresh. Its fine, even texture had held in the moisture.

Now, isn't it false economy to bother with cheap, ordinary baking powder? Especially when Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder, costs so little. Enough for a gorgeous big layer cake costs less than 2¢!



1 Big, irregular gas bubbles in cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder form large "air holes." These "air holes" let the moisture escape—and the flavor goes with it. Your cake quickly grows dry and stale.

•



2 Tiny, uniform bubbles in cake batter made with Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder, build up a fine, even texture that holds in the moisture and flavor. Your cake stays fresh and delicious for days.

•

It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL that gives you fine-textured cake!

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The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

Love, Mystery, Thrills and a Girl's Fight Against the Sinister Influence of a Desert King

(Continued from Front Page)

her all [illegible] love faced the fact that love had been torn from her by death

Michael Harding, son of a neighboring farmer, she had known all her life—Michael with his clear gray eyes and firm jaw, his strong arms—whom she had loved so dearly and for whom she waited. Oh, it was cruel that he should die! They had loved so fervently. Every spot around Randall's Farm held memories of him, of the things he had said, the plans they had made for their future. And Mollie knew that at every turn memory would reopen her wounds, that she could not forget him. At the thought of his fair head the close-cropped curls he was always seeking to control, her sobs began again.

If only he hadn't been an engineer and gone away to those strange places! If he had stayed on the farm. The Hardings had left Briarbush now, and she couldn't go to Michael's mother for comfort. There was nobody—only Bimmy, the dog.

"What shall I do?"

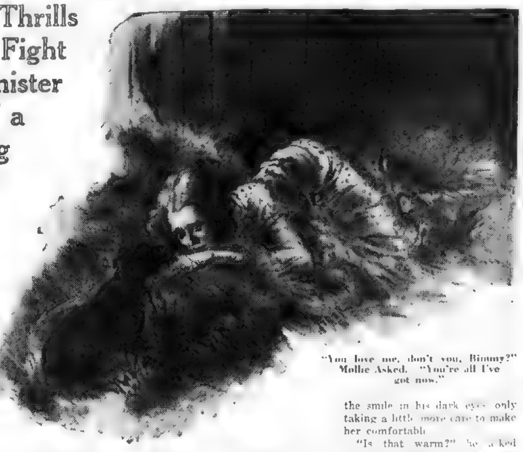
There was no answer—only the mocking silence of the dim barn.

Mollie rose from the hay, stretched her slim body and walked again into the yard. She felt she could not return to the house. A clock in the valley struck seven. A wind came up from the fields, bringing an elusive perfume. White violets! She knew that sweet scent. It reminded her that Spring was on the way—Spring when the earth would throb with promise, when life would leap and the blood of youth would clamor for vague things. Two years ago Michael had told her that he loved her and she had understood why her blood throbbed faster, why she laughed to see the buds unfolding, why the scent of white violets in the grass brought tears of sheer delight to her eyes. Spring spelled love and life.

Now there was no more love for her, and life was empty.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she asked piteously, walking into the darkness.

A horseman drew up at the gate as the girl reached it.



"You love me, don't you, Bimmy?" Mollie Asked. "You're all I've got now."

"Is this Jim Randall's place?" a deep voice asked, and Mollie looked up.

In the dimness she saw a man who seemed to be one with the animal he rode—a massive figure, splendidly proportioned, well-groomed, insolently handsome. She was vaguely aware of piercingly dark eyes staring down into hers. The man had spoken imperiously but as she looked up and answered, his voice took on a subtle change. Admiration came into his tone, the admiration of a man for beauty. But Mollie answered and walked on down the road, only vaguely conscious of what she said.

"Devilishly pretty little thing that," said the man to himself. "Wonder who she is?"

He had half a mind to follow her, but decided against it. Jim Randall, in spite of his slothful ways and his drunken habits, had a reputation for cleverness with horses, and Warren Baer wanted advice. His horse counted to him as of more value than a flirtation. He went in to the farm.

Some ten minutes later a boy on a bicycle followed and he, too, went to the farm. When the boy reached the kitchen door, Jim Randall was closeted with his visitor and he was unaware of this second call.

It was Annie Randall who took the orange-tinted envelope, read the name of her stepdaughter upon that cable and who said, "No answer," and sent the boy away. She stood in the lamplight, her watery blue eyes holding a queer light as she stared down again at the message.

"Michael Harding safe and well. Letter follows."

Quickly Annie Randall's mind worked. Mollie was useful to her in this house of many tasks—an unpaid servant whom she could badger and nag as she willed, and who had no redress. She had hated the idea of the time coming when the girl would go. When she had been told what was to Mollie devastating news she had felt a throb of joy. There would be no marriage. The girl would stay.

Let the girl go on thinking her lover dead. It would only be a matter of watching the postman so that no letter ever reached her when it came. She could see to things.

She walked over toward the stove, crumpled up the message and watched the scrap of paper burn away.

Two days passed.

Somehow, Mollie lived through them. Queer how life could go on, she thought, when all hope was dead. Queer how one performed the daily tasks and obeyed the nagging voice of Annie Randall.

"I can't stay here!" She had said it so many times to herself that vague plans began to shape in her mind. She would get away, find work elsewhere—go, perhaps, to London.

Warren Baer came again to the farm, riding his great horse. Her father had said that he was staying at the "big house" and she heard her stepmother talking. "A proper figure of a man," Annie Randall had said. And Warren Baer saw Mollie—saw the soft beauty, the blue eyes set about with shadows in a pale oval face, the haunting sweetness of this girl of the lonely farm.

A man who took from life what he wanted, who rode roughshod over principles and disowned conscience, Warren Baer let his thoughts play with the idea of meeting Jim Randall's daughter. But he knew that he must move warily, so he waited to enter the Randall household at a time when he knew Jim Randall would be absent.

At last his chance came.

"I'll wait for your father. Don't bother to call him," he said as Mollie opened the door for him.

He lowered his voice, throwing into it a tender inflection, a sympathetic tone, a kindness which was deliberately planned to appeal to this girl. He looked around the kitchen, and at Mollie.

"You poor child! What a life this is for you!" he said. "Don't you find it lonely here?"

Aching with the desolation of things, utterly miserable, she was caught as he intended she should be. Here was someone who understood, who spoke kindly. She looked up into the man's face, and saw only what Baer wanted her to see. She felt that here was one to whom she could open her heart. And she spoke of the loneliness, the lack of understanding in her life.

He placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Why do you stay, child?" he asked. "Don't you know that you are a pretty girl and that life holds more than this? Why not get away?"

He heard her stepmother returning, and said quickly, "Look here, child, you and I must have a talk. I could help you, if you'd let me. We'll see what can be done, shall we?"

That was all. But it left Mollie thinking.

Thought brought decision.

CHAPTER II.

Escape.

ON the night Mollie stole away, determined at last on flight, a few clothes crushed into a case, Warren Baer was waiting for her.

He seemed friendly and she found it difficult to bid him good-evening and continue on her journey. Also he seemed kind, and she had known so little kindness. She liked his easy speech, his well-pitched voice, his manners. She liked talking to him—and soon he had drawn from her the fact that she was catching the train which would take her to London.

He looked at his watch. "You'll never do it," he said. "Heavens, I don't wonder that you're running away from that life. But you'll miss your train."

Mollie's face fell. The Randalls would discover her absence and there was no other train that night. But Baer offered a solution.

"See here," he said, "I'm going to help you. Trust me, Mollie, and I'll see that you get away. I'll run you up myself in my car. Bother trains. I'll get you up to town as soon as the train would, almost. It'll be fun!"

He seemed jolly and kind, and she trusted him. When he told her to wait, she waited. And she did not know that the man who walked back towards the garage with swinging strides was a man whom many women had loved, and more men hated. Dominant, aware of his own power, insolently confident that he could get from life whatever he wished, he strode from her with a laugh in his throat as he decided that a pretty woman always was worth while.

Mollie felt stirred in an indefinable way. He was so different from any one she had known—even Michael. But as the memory of her lover arose, she crushed it. It hurt to remember Michael and the might-have-been. She must put away the past. She had suffered so much, and she was fearful of the pain returning. She clung to the incipient hardness which the desolation of life had brought; she tried to be reckless and to push away from her the memories which hurt.

The throbbing sound of the motor drew nearer. It had not taken Baer long. Now the low body of the speedster was at her side, and Baer was saying, "Come along, little girl!"

As he tucked a robe around her with elaborate tenderness, Mollie felt a surge of gratitude. After all, it was kind of him to do this for her. Baer heard the catch in her breath, and he veiled the smile in his dark eyes, only taking a little more care to make her comfortable.

"Is that warm?" he asked gently, his voice almost a caress. "We've a long trip ahead, you know, and I don't want you to feel cold."

He was kind, and few had given her kindness! It was pleasant to sit here in the low-bodied car and feel protected. As Baer took the wheel and the car slid away into the night, Mollie stole a glance at him.

What she saw was a clear-cut profile, the nose rather large, the chin square, the eyebrows set like bars of darkness above bold eyes, the lips tightly closed. But what fascinated her were his long, strong hands on the wheel. They seemed such live hands, capable of so much, yet they rested so lightly. She found herself wondering how it would feel to have her own hand taken by them.

Just one quick glance the man gave her. The set mouth had relaxed. There was a half smile on his face, then he looked away again, following the long, white road, his lips still smiling. Yes, she was a lovely little thing, innocent of real life, a worth-while plaything.

He did not talk. Mollie, on her side, had no desire for conversation. She liked being in the car, watching the moon creep up above the horizon, stealing occasional glances at the man by her side, drifting in a sea of new sensations.

Suddenly he drew the car up by the wayside. He turned in his seat.

"I want to talk!" he said. He took her hands in his. He held them in a firm yet tender grip, and she did not draw them away. She caught her breath sharply.

"Look here," he said. "I've an idea that I ought to turn the car around and run you back to Randall's Farm."

"Oh, no!" cried Mollie.

"I'm not so sure, little Mollie. You're going to London, but what are you going to do there? Tell me that."

"I—I shall find some work to do."

"London's full of girls who want work," he told her, "girls who've had experience and know life. You don't, and I feel you ought to go back."

Then he told her graphically tales of the city. He did not hide the dangers nor minimize the struggles which she would encounter. He overpictured the possible hardships, as though determined to turn her from her purpose. He convinced her that he thought only of her welfare, and Mollie responded with the pitiful details of what had influenced her to flight.

As they talked, the long, lean fingers of Warren Baer held hers, sometimes pressing her fingers as though in sympathy, sometimes just holding them quietly and from his warm veins a vital spark seemed to steal into the veins of the girl. An unaccustomed recklessness and daring possessed her. Some strange thing strained at her will, clamoring, demanding.

Then Baer pressed upon her hands a passionate kiss. His dark head was bent over them, as though in worship. Nobody had ever kissed her hands before, and Mollie marveled. Also she was astonished at her surging emotions.

In the man now was the desire for conquest. It burned in his dark eyes as he looked into the white face of the girl.

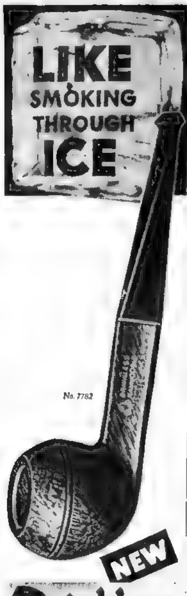
"You're so pretty!" he said. "I can't let a little flower like you drift away. Mollie!"

He had spoken her name swiftly, and there was in his voice a queer huskiness which disturbed her. He bent over her, seeming to dominate her now, to burn down into her very soul with those dark, dark eyes. She could hear the quick intake of his breath, and she had a vague idea he was suffering. It roused her sympathy, and all the softness in her nature went out in a flood toward him.

"Mollie," he was saying, "I couldn't let it be like that. Heavens, little girl, don't you know, couldn't you see that from the very first moment of our meeting I fell in love with you? You've been haunting me from that night I saw you first, and I couldn't forget you. I came again to the farm in the hope of seeing you. Mollie, can't you see, this is the way out? This is Fate. We met — just when you needed me. Dear, I love you. Let me take care of you."

It had come in burning words

(Continued on Page 18)



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17 times as cool . . .

No hot sting. No bitter juice. No harsh bite. University tests prove that *the secret alloy in the New Drinkless Kaywoodie cools smoke from 460° centigrade at the bowl to 27° at the mouth—17 times as cool!* $3.50

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Look for this Cloverleaf on the bit. Insist on it!

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help you solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly.

Beautiful face, nice hair but... she has TARNISHED TEETH
—you don't want to meet her

THEY OUGHT TO SEE HER TEETH NOW

. . . since she discovered this way that dissolves stains . . . Teeth Whiten Up almost Overnight

SHE wanted to hide somewhere and cry her eyes out. It was always the same. Everything lovely until she smiled and then her tarnished teeth betrayed her. No one ever gave their teeth more care. She brushed and brushed. She tried this preparation and that one before she discovered how easy it really is to make teeth white. It's just a case of knowing how. They ought to see her teeth now.

Perhaps you are one of those who have come to believe your teeth are naturally ugly and tarnished. If so, throw out old-fashioned ways of brushing and give your teeth this care:

Start using Kolynos, a new-type, utterly different dental cream that obtains results impossible before.

You can feel its cool, refreshing foam surging into every crevice of your mouth. This foam—antiseptic and of greater cleansing strength than anything you've ever used—literally dissolves away all traces of tartar and stain. It kills millions of germs that are the known source of most tooth and gum troubles. Gently it polishes the tooth enamel and gives it lustre.

Thus in an unbelievably short time teeth are cleaner and whiter than you ever expected they would be. Your mouth and breath are sweet and refreshed. Your gums look healthier.

Now have attractive white teeth—switch over to Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush morning and night. Nothing you can use cleans teeth so white, as you'll discover in a few days. Try it.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

No Need to Suffer from Acne

Don't endure the torment and embarrassment of this unpleasant skin eruption. Even though it is stubborn, and clearing it away seems hopeless, begin today to use Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. This simple treatment has brought joy to many sufferers from severest acne. Every morning and night bathe affected parts with Resinol Soap and hot water. Rinse and pat dry. Apply Resinol Ointment.

FOR FREE SAMPLE of each and copy of the new booklet "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty" write to Resinol, Dept. X 112, Baltimore, Maryland.

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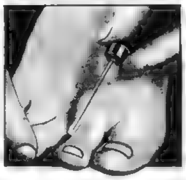

end to CORNS between toes

Those terribly mean corns between the toes that seem to defy all treatment—they're as easily removable as any other with FREEZONE! A few drops of FREEZONE instantly put the corn to sleep. Pain is deadened at once, and soon the corn becomes so loose that you can actually lift it out with your fingers. Hard corns or soft corns—all yield to FREEZONE. All druggists sell

FREEZONE

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

PROTECTS THE FINISH IN ALL WEATHER

Simoniz your car. Give it this famous beauty treatment. Then your car will sparkle like new again and stay beautiful for years. That's because Simoniz guards the finish no matter where you drive and in all kinds of weather.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

ANITA, YOU'VE BEEN ENGAGED TWO YEARS. YET YOU KEEP PUTTING OFF THE WEDDING. WHY? DON'T YOU LOVE HIM?
OH, UNCLE DICK, I DO! I'D MARRY HIM TOMORROW .....IF IT WEREN'T FOR ONE THING
....ANITA HATED TO TELL ME. SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'M SPEAKING TO YOU. BUT I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO GET LIFEBUOY. THEN YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE "B.O." WORRIES —— OR WORRIES ABOUT ANITA, EITHER

"B.O." GONE — *a wedding near!*

LET'S MAKE IT SOON, ANITA
HOW'S THE 25TH, DEAR — HIGH NOON?

What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O."? (body odor)

NEVER trifle with "B.O." (*body odor*). *For you can't win!* Sooner or later you're almost certain to offend—and pay the penalty! Why risk a set-back socially . . . in business . . . in love? Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its pleasant, *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather *deodorizes* pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Aids complexion

Try this simple "10-second facial". Massage Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather well into the pores; then rinse. Do this nightly—see how quickly dull skins clear and glow with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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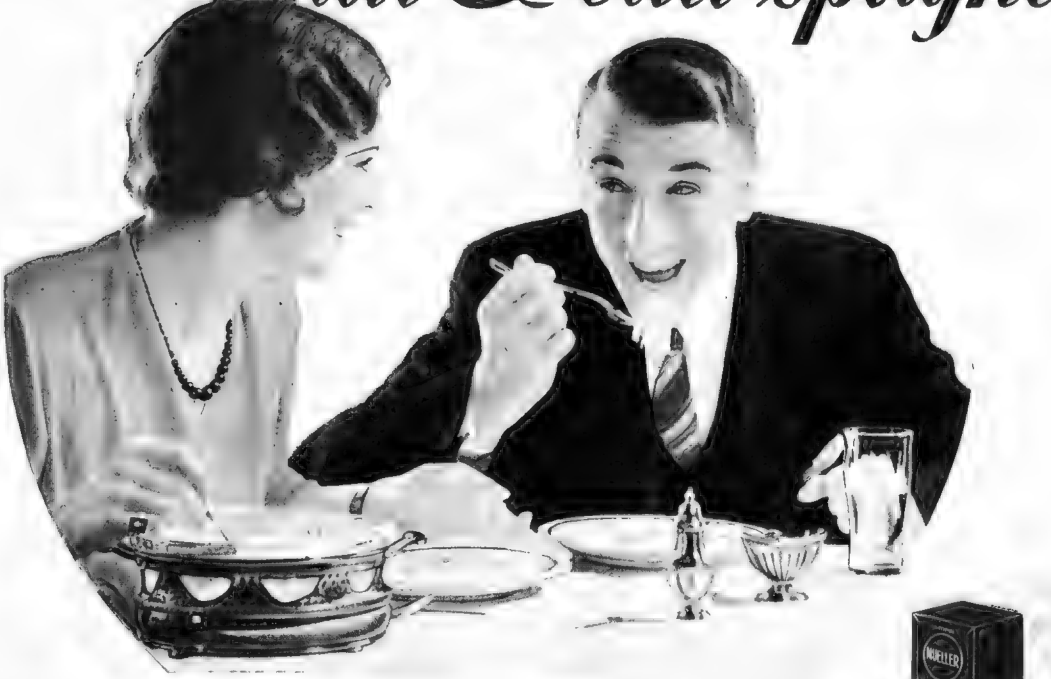
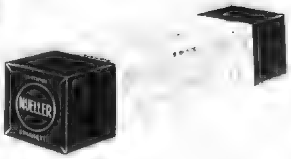
A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

"Now that's what I call spaghetti!





"Another helping, please

"Have you been taking cooking lessons or something? Why that's *easily* the best spaghetti I ever tasted! The minute I saw it served I thought you'd done something special—and when I tasted its flavor, I *knew* it."

"Well, I'll tell you frankly, Jim. I didn't do anything special at all. Mary told me how often *they* eat spaghetti and macaroni and how they enjoy it, and she simply advised me to be quite sure I got Mueller's. I did just that, and now that I've seen how much *more* it cooks up to, and how much better you like it, it's always going to be Mueller's for us from now on! I *know now* what a difference it makes and can understand why it is that more people choose Mueller's than any other brand."

RECOGNIZED QUALITY SINCE 1867

Mueller quality begins with the ingredients—only the very finest—*and continues through every stage of manufacturing and packaging.*

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MUELLER'S

MACARONI SPAGHETTI ELBOW MACARONI
EGG NOODLES COOKED SPAGHETTI

Quality Tells . . . Mueller's is America's Largest Selling Brand

Mueller's needs *only* 9 *boiling*

Mueller's specialized method of manufacture enables the walls of Mueller's macaroni and spaghetti to be made *uniformly thin*—as thin as it is possible for them to be without collapsing in the cooking. This is why the boiling time for Mueller's is always the same—*9 minutes*—and why Mueller's always cooks up light, fluffy and tender—and is more easily digested!

Other macaroni and spaghetti, having thicker walls, are heavier and consequently require longer boiling.

It's Quik-dried

This exclusive Mueller process *enables all the fine natural flavor to be retained*—instead of being partly lost in the drying stage of manufacture! The "quik-dried" process also is an important reason for the fact that Mueller's expands so well—why "it cooks up better."

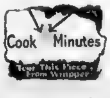
MUELLER'S
MACARONI TIMER
Can Also be Used to Time Other Foods
MINUTES
0
3
6
9
12
MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
EGG NOODLES
ELBOW MACARONI
COOKED SPAGHETTI

A simple turn of the glass—and it's ready for timing again

Free

An unique, reversible cooking timer affixed to a handsome wall holder (as per the reproduction shown above) measuring 4 inches by 12 inches.

From the top panel of three Mueller packages tear the part of wrapper illustrated at right (they may be from any Mueller packages). Send your name and address together with the three wrapper parts to C. F. Mueller Co., Dept. R 2, Jersey City, N. J.


Cook Minutes
Tear This Piece From Wrapper

This offer is limited to a short period; to insure receiving your timer send wrapper parts early.

The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

(Continued from Page [illegible])

—a man [illegible] her. [illegible]

[illegible] order, held her [illegible] her [illegible] face what [illegible] to read.

[illegible] Fate. [illegible] And she was [illegible] alone. The [illegible] flooding moonshine, a man's voice husky with passion, a man's eyes burning with love. His nearness, so dis[illegible] bringing sensations [illegible] And [illegible] the past aside [illegible]

With a savage movement, he held close her slim body, his eyes burning down into hers. All that dominating vitality of which [illegible] him [illegible] she did not [illegible]

[illegible] his lips had [illegible]

[illegible] moonshine, [illegible] love. [illegible] touched [illegible] A reckless [illegible] her to [illegible] poured out [illegible] trembling [illegible] could [illegible] and open a [illegible] life. [illegible] heart he [illegible] and [illegible] her. He [illegible] which her [illegible] every [illegible] so vi[illegible]

[illegible] him," she cried, [illegible] good to me? [illegible] to me."

[illegible] fire, [illegible] told Annie [illegible] truth. A vast [illegible] pictures told the [illegible]

[illegible]" he cried, angry [illegible] And so it [illegible] to her that [illegible] Algerian tramp [illegible] morning— [illegible] withdrew [illegible] for Mollie and [illegible]

"You can't guess how I long to see you, sweetheart, but there's no hope of my getting away just yet. When I can come home [illegible], I shall insist that we marry and you come back with me. Why should we go on [illegible] Mollie, when I love you [illegible]? I know you [illegible] at home, but I'll make up for the unhappiness, sweet, when you belong to me [illegible]"

[illegible] dropped into [illegible] had been, [illegible] laughed. Then [illegible] the farmhouse [illegible] Mollie's memory [illegible] struggle to make [illegible] always went on [illegible]

[illegible] dropped, shutting out Randall's Farm so far as Mollie was concerned. When [illegible] to Warren Baer she stepped [illegible] into an undesigned future, whether to happiness or [illegible] she could not know.

"You don't know me," she said uncertainly.

"The only thing which matters is that I love you," he told her. "I love you, love you. Time doesn't count with lovers and we shall have all the future for getting to know each other. I'm going to make you my wife at once. You'll like that, eh, Mollie? I want to have you here to my heart all [illegible] I want you."

Mollie let herself drift. What was memory? She stifled hers. She did not want to remember anything of the life left behind. Michael had belonged to that life. Michael was dead. But Warren Baer was showing her how she could stifle memory by steeping herself in new sensations. So cleverly did he talk that she believed the emotions he aroused in her to be love.

Two days after her arrival in London, [illegible] with [illegible] stood beside him in the dingy office of the registrar, and was made a wife.

Carefully she folded the paper which was proof of her new estate, and her doubts seemed set at rest.

The hours had been one jumbled whirl of wonder, from her waking in the luxurious flat on that first morning in London. Every moment held new things to see and do. Even to watch the surging crowds in the streets was an experience after her quiet life at the farm. Then she had had to buy a new dress for her wedding, to choose a hat and shoes. [illegible] to her magic that a man could speak into a telephone and boxes of beautiful things would arrive from which she could choose her trousseau. Warren Baer knew the value of clothes to a woman and it pleased him to keep this soft eyed girl in a state of ecstasy.

For the first time in her life Mollie swathed her lovely young body in exquisite fabrics, knew the touch of silk against her flesh, realized that she was beautiful. She was amazed at the change lovely clothes worked in her appearance, and the hours left no time for introspection.

Music, flowers, the laughter of elegant women, the deep tones of men! And she knew that eyes stared at her, she read admiration in men's eyes, envy in those of her own sex.

"They're all thinking what a lucky devil I am," thought Baer in the restaurant to which he took her. She was lovelier even than he had imagined.

Her delight in everything was refreshing after the blasé women he had known. He could please her with such small things. He gloated over her beauty, pleased as a connoisseur is pleased with a new purchase. And he kept in leash the passions she inspired, knowing that she was his.

Mollie's heart throbbed with gratitude. And he was so handsome a man, so strong and compelling. There was something about him that was different from other men, all the grace, a superb strength. She admired him for the self control he showed when he chose. He was to her a new type, and she wondered why so fine a man had been attracted to her.

After the carefully chosen wedding luncheon, when her blood was warm with wine and unaccustomed delicacies, he leaned close. "Come, Mollie," he said, "let us go home."

Home! The luxurious flat was now her home. They would be carried there in a car, scented with flowers, softly cushioned. A lift would take them upwards and the door would close upon them, shutting out the world. She rose obediently. She never dreamed of disobeying once to this man. She was his wife.

As in a dream she saw the streets passing by, she knew that she entered the extensive block of flats, that a door opened and they stepped into a luxurious silence, then the man's arms were about her, and looking into the eyes above her own, she knew her first fear.

All that control she had admired in him went down now and she felt the cruelty which could lie behind a kiss. She knew a terror of that brute strength which lay in leash, and felt her own helplessness. This, then, was marriage!

"Mollie, Mollie, all mine!"

His hands were pushing off her hat, now roughly pushing back those heavy masses of dark hair from her soft forehead. His dark eyes held lights which frightened her, and his hungry kisses awakened a strange fear.

"I've asked people to come along and dine tonight, Mollie, to celebrate our marriage, but there are all the hours between now and then! Kiss me, Mollie, and tell me that you love me!"

She gave her lips, but the assurance he claimed was not spoken. Was this love? What had she done?

For one blinding moment came the memory of other things, of the sweetness of a lover's kiss, but it was followed by that other memory of loss. She had to forget—to crush out the past—and through this man she had married she would find the way. She reached up soft arms and clung to him so [illegible]

CHAPTER III.

Suspicion.

LOLA DUCANE settled her sinuous body luxuriously among a pile of cushions. "If you will give me a cocktail, cherie, then it will be perfect!" she drawled. "And we will have a little talk, yes? Just you and me before the others come to worry us!"

She laughed, showing perfect teeth between lips vividly red. Mollie had watched her heighten the coloring of those lips a moment before and had marveled. The fragrance of the woman who had come to the flat, her lazy, beautiful eyes, reminding Mollie of a cat. There was the beauty of line in her clothes, an elusive [illegible], strangely disturbing, whenever she moved, and the [illegible] movements of her body seemed to accentuate every curve [illegible]. Mollie had never before met a woman like her.

"Cold! but you are quite a lovely thing!" remarked Lola, ungrudgingly as Mollie handed her the drink. "I do not wonder now that the handsome Warren is what you call caught. And you love him, yes?"

"Of course I love my husband," replied Mollie.

Lola laughed. "Listen to the little bird in me, you must not try to come it over me. Husband! Oh, that is very droll. And it is very unnecessary, cherie. You see, we are all what you call in the same boat, and you make me laugh."

Her laughter rippled again, fluty laughter which sounded fascinating to Mollie. But why had Lola laughed because she had talked of her husband?

With a dignified gesture she said, "I'm afraid I don't see the joke. Why do you laugh?"

"Why do I laugh? Oh, cherie, you are droll, tres droll. To talk of husbands!"

"But Warren is my husband," declared Mollie. "That is not funny."

"Not funny! Not funny to call Warren Baer a husband!" And she laughed again.

Mollie's face flamed.

"Why do you laugh when I speak of my husband?" she asked.

Lola became grave. "Because, cherie, nobody who knows Warren would believe for one moment that he was your husband. We all know. It is not necessary that you pretend."

"But—but I can prove it!" cried the girl, genuinely distressed. "I could show you my marriage certificate."

"A bit of paper!" scoffed the other. "Oh, maybe! Perhaps he has done something. But marriage—no! I would not believe. You see I know him so well."

Again she laughed. "Let us not talk about it. Why should we? Did I not myself live here once and talk about my husband? It is a way we have, yes?"

She shrugged again, sleek, exquisite. Mollie stared at her. She remembered how her first cocktail had made her seem so silly. Perhaps this woman was feeling like she had felt and did not know what she was saying. Yes, that was it. And she must not forget that she was a hostess with the duties of a hostess. There were others arriving — a chattering crowd of people — her husband's voice outside. She must make Warren proud of her, for had he not given her so much?

Then strange faces, people saying pleasant things to her, Lola's watching eyes, with laughter in their greenish depths! Why did Lola laugh? Again she was drinking a cocktail. But the way she looked at men! Why did she do that? Even at Warren, whom she knew was not a free man. And what had she meant by saying that she had once lived here?

Mollie wondered about many things that night — at the unrestrained talk, the numerous drinks. These people were new to her and she did not pretend to understand. Did men care for women who behaved as Lola did?

There was one man they had called Degan Crosse. He was stern-looking and grim, Mollie thought, but Lola attached herself to him after dinner in a pronounced way. Later in the evening Mollie missed them both and wondered as she slipped into the inner drawing room.

And then she stood still, astounded. In the dimly-lit room she saw them—Lola and Degan—locked in each other's arms, their lips meeting in a kiss which made the watching girl tremble. She hadn't wanted to disturb lovers! But how could they be lovers when she had heard her husband introduce Degan Crosse to Lola?

They had not heard her. She had a feeling that Lola would not care if she knew her kiss had been seen. Slowly the sleek head was drawn backward and those strange eyes looked into the flushed face of the man. "And now you will take me, my Degan, yes. You will want your little Lola, is it not so?"

A moment's pause. "Love in the sunshine—yes!" said the woman softly. "You will not leave me behind?"

The man caught her in his arms again. "You know I cannot leave you behind!" And again their lips met.

Mollie stole softly away. She wasn't sure that she liked Lola; that she could trust her. She wasn't sure that she liked any of these friends of Warren's who were so reckless and whose ways were so free.

Warren Baer had been drinking and he was growing boastful now, bragging of things she did not understand. There was too much laughter, silly laughter she thought. Watching the man she had married, she saw the sensual look his face had taken, and she felt a revulsion. But, she thought, she must not be like that.

Somehow, she stole away to her room, closing the door on the chatter and laughter, and then she stared at her own reflection.

Mrs. Warren Baer was a different creature from Mollie Randall. And she must be grateful—she must appreciate.

A new life had opened for her. If she found some things in that life which hurt her finer, tenderer feelings, she must not complain.

That night Warren Baer, hungrily possessive, talked of the honeymoon he would give her. She should see the world. They were to go where the sun was shining, where the skies would not be gray as they were so often in these February days in London. He stirred her with tales of the South, and the youth in her leaped to his plans.

"I've always wanted to travel, Warren," she said.

"My little rosebud will open to all her beauty beneath a sun more wonderful than any she has seen here," he told her. "We will go first to Algiers, the beautiful, where I have a villa. I will teach you love in the glorious sunshine, beneath the orange trees, among the flowers. In my beautiful Algiers you shall know the meaning of life. A little business I have to do, but after work there is always love. We shall have a wonderful time, little Mollie. Tell me you are glad to go."

She was to know the meaning of life! In that very land which had robbed her of a lover she was to be shown what love could be. And she would take this love which was the substitute thing—take it and claim all she could from life, closing her eyes to the things which revolted her when they came, taking greedily the good gifts money could secure.

Warren Baer should open up all the closed gates of life for her, and she would take what came. She would take his kisses as women like Lola took kisses of men, and she would do her best to make him a good wife . . .

Algiers! A white city silhouetted against a sky of dazzling blue! The mountains, and beyond them the mysterious desert, always waiting.

To Mollie it was all wonderful, thrilling, a land of delight. Five short days on the sea had brought her to North Africa, and now she was established in a white villa on Mustapha Superieur, from whose windows she could look down into the blue bay, in whose gardens she could wander among color, and scented beauty. Just to stand and inhale the air, with its peculiar odor which puzzled her, was a delight.

But here in this wonderful land there were so many delights—the colorful dawns, the gorgeous sunsets, the great golden moon rising, glamor and mystery!

"I ought to be happy!"

Mollie said that so often she tried to crush down the trembling fears which would come, and told herself she was a lucky woman. But she could not stifle her fears entirely.

She had begun to understand while on the ship. She faced new facts and grappled with them.

Warren Baer was not as other men. He was arrogantly domineering, a handsome man and so wealthy that no whim need be denied. Yet there was something else about him which Mollie did not understand and which marked him as different from others. And his habits sometimes puzzled her.

But he was her husband. She told herself that she loved him. He must love her, also, or he would not have done all the things he had done for her.

Although he frightened her at times with the intensity of his emotions, she tried to believe that was a natural thing. After all she knew so little of life. Michael always had been so gentle with her. But they had been boy and girl together and she had known him so well. Warren was not gentle. Sometimes he terrified her. And there was that vague something which made her feel so helpless when she was

(Continued on Page 22)

Her hair looked harsh . . colorless . . lifeless!

But this tinting rinse added soft gleaming color, life and lustre

L[illegible]

And remember! Lovalon is not a dye nor a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo.

● [illegible]

LOVALON

Tints the hair as it rinses

Send for FREE RINSE!

[illegible]
Dept. [illegible]
[illegible] FREE [illegible]

Name

Address

Shade wanted

The little Girl who wouldn't

EAT

When a youngster has no appetite, it's probably due to stasis. A little syrup of figs will soon correct this condition—then watch the child eat.

[illegible]

[illegible] only [illegible]

Sluggishness ended in 2 Weeks!

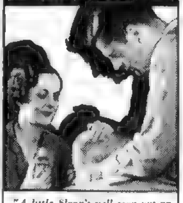
That girl or boy with a furry tongue and a bad breath should not be [illegible] California [illegible] of figs will gently [illegible] weight.

Try the California treatment! Begin tonight, [illegible] enough of the pure syrup of figs to [illegible] the colon thoroughly. Give less tomorrow, then every other day, or twice a week until the child's appetite, digestion, weight, complexion, tell you the stasis is *gone.*

Be sure to get the real California syrup of figs. Any druggist has it, all bottled, with directions. It's a natural vegetable laxative. Just as good for babes of two years as boys of ten. They all love its taste!

NOTICE TO MOTHERS

There are imitations of California Syrup of Figs and those who would sell you some substitute even when a child's health is concerned. Don't ever take any but that is not plainly labeled CALIFORNIA.



Ease that sore spot and SLEEP

"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."
"I hope so. I've hardly slept since this last damp spell started."

DAMP-DAY PAINS
—stiff joints

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Warm those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot, kills the pain, relaxes the stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world . . . and costs only 35¢!

SLOAN'S
World Famous Liniment
used by 133 Nations

The Best Treatment for Falling Hair

Dandruff and itching scalp. Rub your scalp lightly with **Cuticura Ointment**; after a time shampoo with **Cuticura Soap.** They tend to free the scalp from minor eruptions and establish a permanent condition of hair health.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.
Cuticura
Sample each free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 3T, Malden, Mass.

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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969 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

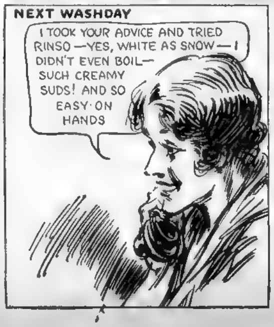
Advertisement.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

DID YOU GET THAT WASHING MACHINE YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?
YES. IT'S WONDERFUL BUT—
I STILL NOTICE THAT GREYISH TINGE TO MY LINENS. I WONDER WHY I CAN'T GET REAL SNOWY CLOTHES
IT'S THOSE FLAT, LIFELESS SUDS YOU USE. I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU FOR MONTHS TO TRY RINSO


NEXT WASHDAY
I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND TRIED RINSO—YES, WHITE AS SNOW—I DIDN'T EVEN BOIL—SUCH CREAMY SUDS! AND SO EASY ON HANDS

For TUB washing, too . . . and quicker DISHWASHING

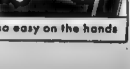
RINSO saves work not only on washday, but every day—all through the house.

In the washtub, Rinso's creamy suds loosen every bit of dirt—leaving the clothes whiter than you've ever seen them. No scrubbing or boiling. And this soak-and-rinse way is so easy on the hands! They don't get red and washworn the way they do with old-fashioned scrubbing soaps.

In the dishpan, Rinso is just as wonderful! Grease floats right off in its rich suds. Even pots and pans swish clean in a jiffy.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend it. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



Millions use Rinso—it's so easy on the hands

At *boarding school* the first creams she ever used . . . As *dashing young Socialite* Mrs. du Pont *says*: "I have kept right on using them. They are simply grand for the skin."

Mrs. du Pont skiing at St. Moritz. "I never went out without Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face"

At Boarding School. *Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont in 1922, when, as Miss Elizabeth Wrenn, she was still in her teens. "At boarding school I used these two creams all the time."*

As Young Society Woman. *Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont, in two photographs taken this year. "Today I depend upon them to keep my skin fresh and smooth always."*

In December, the stinging snows of St. Moritz . . . In March, the blistering sands of Bermuda . . . To Lake Placid . . . To California . . . By plane . . . Or train . . . Mrs. du Pont tells a spirited story of the sport-loving life she leads—and the Two Creams that keep her skin lovely through it all!

"AT boarding school," says Mrs. du Pont, "when I first realized the importance of caring for my skin, I turned to Pond's Two Creams . . . I wanted to look 'my best' for my first parties!

"Today I am simply devoted to those same two creams!

"In St. Moritz, I never went out without Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face. The air is so frightfully cold, and the sun so very brilliant, that unless you have a good coating of protection, your face goes absolutely purple!

"In Bermuda, I found Pond's Vanishing Cream absolutely essential as a protection against blistering. I got a marvelous coat of tan, and never blistered at all!

"Everybody in the young married set seems to favor Pond's . . . I can't think of any reason for it except that Pond's Creams really are just *grand!* They *feel* wonderful on your skin. And they answer every purpose."

The two Pond's creams are known and used all over the world. The Cold Cream is *more* than a cleansing cream. It refreshes and lubricates the skin. The Vanishing Cream is *more* than a powder base. It is healing and protective. It contains an ingredient that softens and smooths the skin.

Try these marvelous creams yourself. You will find, like Mrs. du Pont, that they are actually all you need to keep your skin in "perfect condition."

These beautiful women of distinction use and praise Pond's Two Creams . . .

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Violet Astor • Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont
Mrs. Robert H. McAdoo • Miss Anne Morgan
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

Three exquisite Pond's preparations

"How I use Pond's Cold Cream:

"***A Swell Cleanser.*** I never found a cream that goes into my skin better, and gets it both clean and refreshed at the same time. I use it before parties and after. It makes me feel glorious.

"***To Rest My Skin.*** When I've had a very trying day, a good cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, then a fresh creaming and a short nap with it on takes all the tiredness from my face.

"***A Rub into Neck and Shoulders every so often.*** A good rub with Pond's Cold Cream every so often keeps my skin supple as a young savage's.

"The Things I use the Vanishing Cream for:

"***Protects from Chapping and from Sunburn.*** It's great for that. I can't say too much about Pond's Vanishing Cream as a protection. And it keeps your skin looking so nice and transparent.

"***Heals all sorts of little roughnesses.*** Mother used to put it on our hands and knees when we were children. Today I can actually see it smooth away roughnesses whenever I have been careless.

"***The Best Finish to a Beauty Treatment.*** My 'facial' consists of a cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream wiped off with the Pond's Tissues. Pond's Skin Freshener comes next, then the Vanishing Cream. It's the best base for rouge and powder. You look fresh and groomed for hours."

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Sweet Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

T[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XI.

Magda.

LANGUIDLY Magda regarded the tennis match for a moment, then turned to Jason.

"How does one approach this girl you wish me to call on? Slumming of the higher order or we're all gay sinners together?"

Jason's lips twitched. "Somehow I don't fancy either will go down with Miss Jerome!"

"Have you tried both?" Magda mocked lightly.

Jason laughed, somewhat ruefully. "Whatever I've tried I don't think it's been an unqualified success!"

"No, it wouldn't be," Magda smiled. "You're too full of theories about women ever to know how to handle them, Jason! Theories about women are enough to lead any man to grief. Besides, you place us all in categories! I'm still in the virtuous category and so marriageable because you know darn well I've never had a chance to be anything else!"

"Are you looking for a chance?" Jason asked, teasing her.

"I don't know," sighed Magda. "Anyhow you're not eligible!"

"Why not?" Jason demanded.

Magda sprang to her feet. "A girl must protect the honor of her future husband," she laughed. She waved two fingers at him and went round the side of the tennis court into the house.

Jason watched her disappear. A tall, slim silhouette in white against the dark green shrubbery. Her hair was blonde, ash blonde, her features delicate. She reminded one of lilies; tall, slim, white Easter lilies. She was always like this. Amusing, coolly mocking, flippant.

Jason caught himself wondering if she was capable of feeling anything deeply. What emotions she had she didn't show. Never once had Jason caught her off her guard. Hitherto he had always admired this in her. He had thought it went with breeding. But today he began to wonder if breeding couldn't be carried a little too far. Suddenly he found himself thinking, "If only we could come to grips occasionally. If only she'd quarrel with me! Show me she was real flesh and blood behind that bright controlled smile. I, I think I'd even welcome it if she insulted me and meant it!"

The set of tennis finished. The players strolled over to an old chestnut tree where jugs of lemonade reposed on a wicker table. But Jason didn't join them. He sat on. For a time he still thought he was thinking of Magda until with almost a shock he realized he was thinking of Jenny. Jenny standing in the window with the sunlight framing her as though she had been painted on a golden canvas. Jenny so light and dark. So intensely, so vibrantly alive. Jenny with head flung back, dark eyes hating him, scarlet lips defying him. "At least she's capable of feeling something. And feeling it deeply," he mused.

Jason met Magda as she came out of the house and strolled down the drive with her. Suddenly he drew her behind the screen of some bushes and kissed her on the lips. When he would have kissed her again, she held him off with a thin bare arm.

"Why the sudden passion, big boy?" she asked lightly.

Jason's dark eyebrows went up. His lips curved half humorously, half cynically. "Is it so extraordinary I should want to kiss you, Magda?"

"I don't know. I didn't think we went in for kissing."

"No? Yet if we don't it seems ours will be a queer sort of marriage."

She smiled. "A sensible marriage, Jason." She added with a tentative little smile, "I thought that was what you wanted?"

"Yes?" Then for a second time something broke loose in Jason. "To the deuce with being sensible!" he exclaimed. "What man really wants a sensible marriage? He wants a girl he can make love to. A girl who wants him to make love to her!"

But even that didn't shake Magda out of her flippancy.

"You are getting modern, Jason," she teased. "In another moment you will be using expressions nicely brought up girls aren't supposed to know! Something's happened to you, my dear. You haven't been going to New York rushing chorus girls, have you?"

Jason put his hands on her shoulders. He looked down into her delicately oval face. "Would you care if I had, Magda?"

She clasped her hands before her in a mockingly pious attitude. She turned her eyes heavenwards. "Nicely brought up girls are resigned to such things. They are disillusioned but they tolerate the weaknesses of the flesh!"

Jason laughed. He had to. "You're never serious, Magda."

She shrugged. "Why should one be serious?"

They said good by at the gate. Jason didn't attempt to kiss her again. He thought, "I suppose our marriage will be as successful as most!"

"I'll go and call on your little protegee," Magda called down the road after him.

Jason swung round and said sharply, "Why do you call her mine?"

Magda laughed. "You are touchy. What has happened to you?"

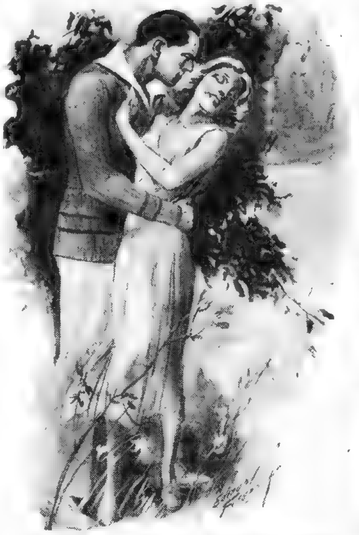
Jason turned and walked on. He would have given much to have been able to answer that question himself!

Magda did call upon Jenny. She called the same afternoon as a Sealyham puppy. But the Sealyham puppy wasn't merely calling. He had come to stay.

"Isn't he the funniest little waddler?" Jenny had cried when she saw him at a neighboring kennels. She added, "I think I'll call him that. Isn't it a great name for him? Waddles!" So, in due course, Waddles arrived at Hay Gold Farm.

He was long, white, absurdly low slung, especially in front. When he ran he seemed ever on the verge of turning a somersault. He had a shrill high pitched bark and one ear fell down while the other remained cocked. Though he had only been installed a few hours, already he had made himself at home. Sufficiently, anyhow, to resent an intrusion. And Magda, coming up the chipped stone pathway between the fruit trees, seemed an intrusion. Yapping, he went straight for her silk stockings. He was wise beyond his years. He sensed they were a girl's vulnerable point.

Magda said, "Get away, you little devil. Get away." But quite pleasantly. She tried to drive him off with her sunshade. Waddles got his teeth into that and hung on like grim death.



When Jason Would Have Kissed Her Again, Magda Held Him Off With a Thin Bare Arm. "Why the sudden passion, big boy?" She Asked Lightly.

Magda lifted her voice and called, "Rescue me from your savage animal, please!"

Jenny, in the midst of getting the house straight, came rushing out of the door. Magda forgot about Waddles and the peril to her silk stockings. She thought, "Oh! So this was Robin's girl? Well, he had two eyes in his head, I'll surely say that for the boy!"

Jenny picked up the wriggling puppy in her arms. "I hope he hasn't done any damage," she said.

Magda smiled. "None whatsoever. I've come to call. I'm Magda Trevelan."

The name stirred a vague chord in Jenny's memory. But just at the moment she couldn't place it. She was full of a sense of triumph. Someone had called on her! Despite what that mean Jason Denning had said! She hoped he'd hear about it!

But her triumph was short lived.

"Jason asked me to call," Magda continued. "Jason Denning, you know."

"Oh," said Jenny. But her expression must have given her away for Magda laughed. "You don't seem very fond of your... just what relation is Jason to you?"

"None whatsoever," Jenny retorted sharply.

"As bad as all that?" Magda smiled. "What's wrong with Jason? Though perhaps I should warn you I'm going to marry him."

"Are you?" said Jenny. Queer she should feel so flat suddenly. As you do when something unpleasant has happened though you're not sure what it is. She put it down to annoyance Jason should have asked this girl to call. As though he still doubted that anyone would want to know her of their own accord.

"I have nothing against him," said Jenny in a tone which meant she had a great deal against him.

Magda smiled. "I see Jason's been annoying you. He is rather tactless at times."

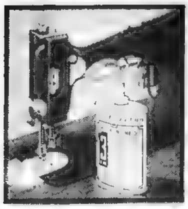
Jenny didn't reply to that. She said instead, "Do come inside."

She held the front door open for her guest to pass through. She thought how lovely Magda was, so dainty and blonde. She seemed so sure of herself. Jenny envied her that.

"A darling old place," murmured Magda, once they were inside the living room.

"I think so," said Jenny. "I'm

(Continued on Page 21)



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PAIN STOPS!

NAIL GROWS OUT AGAIN

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Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

INDOOR DAYS

won't hurt this little lady

WINTER's slush and snow are often trying on youngsters. They have to spend so many hours indoors at school and at home. They miss the friendly summer sunshine.

Sudden changes in weather may tax their general powers of resistance to infections. Give your children all the help you can in keeping their little bodies vital and healthy. Include Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil in their daily program.

This pleasant emulsion is made from high-quality cod liver oil, rich in vitamin A that helps build resistance to infections. Vitamin A is equally beneficial to adults. The emulsion also contains vitamin D, essential to the correct growth of children's teeth and bones. One tablespoonful of Scott's Emulsion, three times daily, is the recommended dose.* Your children will enjoy its nice, minty flavor.

NEW! Scott's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil (plain or flavored), so rich in vitamins A and D that two teaspoonfuls provide a higher vitamin dosage than three teaspoonfuls of other and less potent cod liver oils. *Sold by all druggists*

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Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York

SCOTT'S EMULSION *of* NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

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HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

Clear the poisons from your body . . . Get back your sparkle . . . Start in today with Sal Hepatica

NOBODY can get what he should out of life as long as he drags around "not feeling very well." If life has lost its joy for you—if you envy people who feel top-notch—start in with Sal Hepatica—and find out what it is to have fun again!

Clear your system of the poisons that are clogging it, and you'll get as much fun out of life as anybody! But you'll never really feel well until you keep internally clean.

Today—buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. First thing when you get up tomorrow morning, stir a teaspoon or so of sparkling Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh water—and drink down the bubbling mixture!

You aren't taking "just another laxative." Sal Hepatica is a *saline*. It is a saline like the salines of the famous health springs of Europe, where doctors send wealthy patients to renew their vitality.

Sal Hepatica not only acts upon the digestive tract, but it clears away the poisons from the *bloodstream*. It combats constipation, colds, headaches, rheumatism, digestive disorders. Get a bottle today.

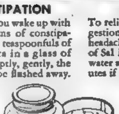
CONSTIPATION
Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE
To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS
The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION
To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM
As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.



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Stimulate New Hair Growth!

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To do this, however, you need a treatment that gets at the *seat* of the trouble—*the hair follicles and glands*. They have to be activated, stimulated and nourished to get these results. Nothing will do that for you like

GLOVER'S

Glover's Mange Medicine, used in combination with Glover's Medicated Soap and Glover's System of Massage, does wonders for the hair and scalp, checking dandruff, falling hair, baldness and retarding graying of the hair.

You can always recognize Glover's Mange Medicine by its distinctive pine tar odor, without which the remarkable results it gives could not be possible.

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Write for free booklet which tells all about common hair and scalp troubles; what causes them, and how they can be removed.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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By "Kiki"—Queen of the Paris Artists' Models

(Continued from Double Page)

of the Dome Cafe she leaped out, and, being somewhat of an acrobat, climbed to the top of the cafe and pulled down the tricolor bunting, which she tore up, autographed and sold for charity.

Yet one grows weary of everything in this world. Floriane tired at last of glory, and after an unsuccessful venture as a theatre directress, withdrew from the public gaze to run an obscure little tavern. Today the once dreadful lion-tamer occupies her time teaching tricks to Totor, her mongrel dog, and she is still looked up to as a sort of Queen by the down-at-the-heel circus-riders and clowns, who drop in for a glass of brandy.

When I was singing at the old Jungle Cabaret, I sometimes saw M. Emile Saint-Ober there, an eminent actor of the Bouffes-Parisiens, Palais Royal and Nouveautes. But the talkies ruined business in these playhouse, and Emile lost his job, being forced to pass out handbills for a while to keep himself and his family from starving. The last time I heard of this hero of a hundred comedies he had landed a position as nightwatchman in a garage, in the Rue des Vertus.

Fortune has been fickle, too, in the case of Georges Melies, inventor and pioneer of the cinema industry, of whom David Griffith said: "I owe all to this Frenchman." Melies, who constructed what is considered as the first moving picture "studio," at Montreuil-sous-Bois, now sells bon-bons and toys in the Montparnasse railway station. Riches and honors have come to others in the screen world, but Melies, somehow, has been forgotten. Still, bad luck and neglect have not embittered him, and habitues of the cafes here recognize him by his cheerful words and smile.

La Cigogne claims to be the "gayest" cabaret of Montparnasse. Some consider the claim supported by the following incident: On a hot June night, M. Sigismond Walneff, a 22-year-old Russian, who had lost all his money on the races, walked into the place and invited a girl to his table, ordering four caviar sandwiches and a bottle of champagne. When the bill was presented the young man announced he was broke, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, placed it to his temple and pulled the trigger. But the weapon failed to go off, and before Walneff could make another attempt to kill himself, Joe Skovran, manager of the Cigogne, and a cartoonist named Fabres tackled the would-be suicide and disarmed him. Chairs and tables were upset, glassware smashed, and the drunken dancing couples, greatly pleased with the spectacle, watched Walneff dragged off to jail because of his inability to foot the bill.

The O. K. Bar, in the Rue Brea, prides itself on being the chosen rendezvous of that Pantagruelian tippler, Fred Baxter—an English valet, aged 28, formerly in the service of Albert Lowenstein (the Belgian banker killed in a fall from a plane while crossing the English Channel, in 1928), and for the last four years the trusted servant of the banker's son, Robert Lowenstein, living at No. 6 Rue Antoine Bourdelle. Throughout the length and breadth of Montparnasse Baxter was celebrated not only as a "bon vivant" but as a raconteur and reckless gambler. The convivial valet was found dead in his room a few weeks ago, with a bullet wound in his head. He left a letter saying he had committed suicide out of remorse at having stolen 2,000 francs from his master, which he had squandered in the bars.

William F. Kothe, 29, an American insurance man from Boston, acquired the name "Good Time Charley" on the Boulevard Montparnasse, from the Jockey to the Croix du Sud, because of his anxiousness to buy everybody drinks. At the Dome Cafe I saw him treat himself and bystanders to round after round of cognacs. On first arriving at Paris, in April, he was well supplied with funds, but a month later he confessed to one of his pals that his bankroll had dwindled to 25 francs, and that when he had spent that, he would either enlist in the Foreign Legion or jump in the Seine. Then his pal received a laconic note, saying:

"The Seine is better than the Foreign Legion.

"Good Time Charley."

Kothe's body was found floating in the river, along the Quai d'Orsay. The following comment made by the suicide's hotel-keeper might serve as Kothe's epitaph:

"Monsieur Kothe seemed to me happy enough. He lived like any young man in Paris with nothing to do. True, he drank—I noticed he was tipsy one morning—but he wasn't noisy. Once in a while he brought a girl home at six in the morning, and two or three days later it would be another. What would you."

Mrs. Kate Whelan Gordon-Ellis—beautiful and rich divorcee of 25—was another victim of Montparnasse night-life, dying July 13, after a wild party at the Dingo Bar, in the Rue Delambre, and a drug debauch in her villa at Neuilly. She was the adopted daughter of Frederick Whelan, part-owner of the United Cigar Stores, and fell heir at his death to several million dollars.

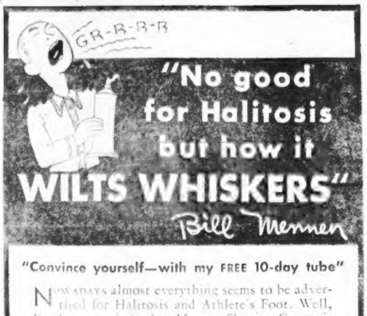
In 1924, at the age of 17, Kate came to Paris, where she married Dr. Gordon-Ellis, an English dentist, after a brief romance. The "menage," however, was an unhappy one, for she rebelled against any sort of restraint and never resisted a fancy that came into her head, no matter what the consequences might be. She bore her husband two sons, but, rather than stay at home and take care of them, preferred to lavishly entertain strangers in the "boites-de-nuit" of the Left Bank. Dr. Ellis was recently granted a divorce and the custody of the two boys, Pierre and Louis.

"I hate thinking," said the Countess du Barry, "and love to enjoy the present moment." This, too, was Kate Whelan's philosophy of life. She made masked balls and banquets the business of every hour, and knew only the fatigues of a continuous round of pleasures. This favorite of fortune was nicknamed "Lady Bountiful" in the Quarter, where she gave money with a free hand, and was often swindled and threatened with blackmail by parasites and sharpers. A few weeks before her death Mrs. Ellis told friends that she lived in constant dread of a certain woman, yet the police have so far been unable to find out who that woman was.

In her never-ending search after new sensations Kate became addicted to drugs, which undermined her health and left her mind distracted. She passed without apparent reason from enthusiasm to sorrow—gay and insouciante one moment, then mute and melancholy, with thoughts bent on suicide. In the presence of her boon companions she frequently made extraordinary scenes, and last January attempted to throw herself out of the window of her villa.

On the eve of the French national fete, after drinking her fill of folly at the Dingo Bar, Kate returned to her home, at No. 53 Rue Chauveau, accompanied by Miss Ruth Wise and Diana Haskell. Here the butler found her unconscious some hours later from an overdose of narcotics. She died the next day at the American Hospital, and was buried at the cemetery of Neuilly. Not one of a legion of Bohemians she had enriched and befriended in Montparnasse was present at the funeral.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.



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Sweet Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

(Continued from Page 20)

getting a grand kick decorating it."

"I love your chintz," said Magda. She crossed to the window and fingered an attractive yellow chintz patterned with tiny old world nosegays. "And your furniture, too."

"I've been scouring the neighboring antique shops," Jenny told her.

"I've a pair of ladder back chairs you could have," Magda offered. "They're at home in the attic. They don't fit in our house. Mother's disgusting about comfort. All our chairs are so overstuffed you almost bounce to the ceiling when you sit down on one!"

Jenny thought, "I like this girl. She seems friendly and genuine. Yes, I like her even though..." But she never finished the sentence.

"You'll have some tea with me?" she asked in the pause.

"One doesn't on the first call," murmured Madga. But her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"You'll have plenty of time to go out the door and come in again while I'm making the tea," Jenny laughed back at her. She added, "If you're so keen on conventions."

"I wonder just how keen I am?" Magda asked suddenly.

Jenny paused half way to the door. She glanced back at her guest in surprise.

"I'm not quite mad," Magda laughed. "But I was wondering how much courage I'd have to throw over the traces if it ever came to the point."

"Probably you'll never have any need to," Jenny returned, wondering what all this was about. She came back a step or two and sat down on the arm of a chair.

Magda sighed and stretched herself with the grace of a long sleek tortoiseshell cat. "Of course, if I marry Jason I won't."

"If...?" murmured Jenny. She couldn't have told you why, but her heart started to beat a shade faster then.

"When," Magda amended. "When," she repeated with emphasis. And added quickly, "When, when, when, when!"

Jenny smiled. "You seem very determined about it!"

Magda grimaced. "I suppose one has to be determined about something. I guess that's the trouble with me. I'm never determined about anything. I just drift into things. Vaguely, you know." She made an airy gesture with one of her arms. The georgette sleeve floated like a gay flag in the air. "Do you drift?" She raised her eyes to Jenny's and shot out the question abruptly.

Jenny thought a moment. "I don't believe I do," she murmured.

Magda lay loosely back in the chair and smiled. "But, of course, you don't. You're dark, intense, decided." She added with a half laugh, "And rather passionate, I should say!"

Jenny felt both surprised and embarrassed. And she knew she had colored. Certainly Magda was an amazing girl to be found in Queenston!

"I envy you if you are," murmured Magda. "I can never feel any quickening of the pulses over any man. And men do get restive. Even Jason!"

Jenny murmured conventionally, "But perhaps you've never been in love, Miss Trevelan."

Magda sat upright. She leaned forward. "Tell me what love is like," she demanded.

Jenny's thin hands tightened in her lap. The smile left her face. Her eyes grew larger, darker. A light, peculiarly tender, shone out of them. "I think it's longing to be with someone and feeling lost when they're away. Of being terrified something may happen to them." Her voice shook, faltered slightly, but she went on. "It's wanting to look after them, fuss over them, protect them."

"Aren't you talking of maternal love?" Magda asked quietly. "The sort of love you feel for a man who appeals mainly to your mother instincts? I meant—another sort of love."

Jenny thought a moment. "I was talking of love as I knew it."

"Queer," muttered Magda, her voice a little hoarse. "Then you've never been in love either!"

Jenny straightened herself. She resented that hotly. Why, it was absurd. To accuse her of not having been in love when she had loved Robin so intensely. Besides, what was this agony she had been through because of him if it wasn't love?

"I don't think I understand," she said, a shade of defiance in her voice.

But the serious mood had left Magda as abruptly as it had come. "Oh, I suppose I was thinking of brute passion," she laughed. "Of wanting a man to kiss you one moment, beat you up the next! When you enjoy hurting him and being hurt back by him. At least, that's how I imagine it! I need hardly add with regret that my girlish heart has never been so stirred in all it's young life!"

Later, making tea in the large cheerful kitchen with the white-washed ceiling and walls, Jenny found herself thinking of what Magda had said. How ridiculous to suppose she had never loved Robin! She knew she had. Was there another kind of love, as Magda suggested? A love more primitive, more chaotic, more demanding? And surely, if there was, it couldn't be the highest love? She thought, "I'm glad I didn't know that sort of love! I hope I shall never know it."

"By the way, has Mrs. Denning been here?" Magda asked, when Jenny came back with the tea tray.

Jenny shook her head, a hurt look in her eyes. She did wish Robin's mother would come to see her. If only Mrs. Denning had been kind to her Jenny knew she would have told her everything. But since she hadn't come ...Jenny was far too proud to force herself upon Mrs. Denning.

"You haven't missed much," Magda consoled her, smiling. "I pity poor Jason at times. I suspect, between ourselves, that's one of the chief reasons he's marrying me. To get away from home and mother!"

Jenny was a little appalled. She was very sentimental about mothers.

"But surely you and Jason love each other?" she asked quickly. In a queer way that she couldn't rightly understand, she had to know that. She leaned forward, strangely tense, waiting for Magda's reply.

Magda raised her eyes to the ceiling and frowned. "I don't know. Of course, we like each other. But love?" She shrugged delicately. "Still, it's suitable, and," her eyes twinkled again, "a girl hasn't much scope in a small town, you know."

CHAPTER XII.
Jason Proves Human.

JENNY met Mrs. Hanbury coming out of the local grocery store. The old woman carried a red string bag that bulged like a bunch of balloons.

"Oh dearie me," she said, after Jenny and she had greeted each other. "What do you think has happened? Mr. Jason has lost Peg-tops!"

"And who is Peg-tops?" Jenny queried.

"Don't you know?" The old woman seemed amazed. "That's his dog. He's devoted to it."

"I'm surprised to hear Mr. Jason Denning is devoted to anything," Jenny thought privately. Aloud she murmured, "That's tough!"

"He's looking for it everywhere. He's hardly been in the house for the past two nights. It will break his heart if Peg-tops doesn't come home," Mrs. Hanbury babbled on.

Jenny murmured something conventional. Somehow she couldn't picture Jason Denning getting so wrought up and sentimental over anything, if it came to that! "One lives and learns," she mused, as she went on down the road. "I always thought a man who was fond of animals must be nice!"

She hoped for the dog's sake it would find it's way home.

As far as Jason Denning was concerned she hoped it would never find its way home. "Lordy! What is happening to me?" she wondered. "I'm turning so darn mean—at least where that young man is concerned!"

But Jason didn't find Peg-tops. Oddly enough, Jenny did. Two evenings later.

Jenny had gone for a long walk with Waddles about sundown. She was an energetic little walker and went further than she intended. Passing alongside a hedge she heard a low whimper. Waddles pricked up his ears and barked. Jenny stood still.

"Quiet, Waddles," she said. "Good dog, quiet."

For once Waddles obeyed her. He looked up at her questioningly, wagging his absurd stump of a tail and opening wide one pinky white eye.

The faint whimper came again. This time Jenny had it located. She ran towards a part of the hedge where it was thickest. Parting the bushes she found herself looking down at a blue-black woolly dog caught by its front paw in a trap.

"You poor dear!" Jenny exclaimed. "How did you get there?"

Very feebly the dog wagged a tail. It was lying down, obviously in a very exhausted condition. Jenny knelt down and struggled with the trap. She had never seen a trap like this one before and had no notion how to open it.

After fifteen minutes she sank back on to her heels panting. The trap just wouldn't open. She took a short rest, then tried again.

"Isn't this the limit," she said aloud to the dog. "I wonder who your master is...though I'll give a pretty good guess! She glanced

(Continued on Page 22)

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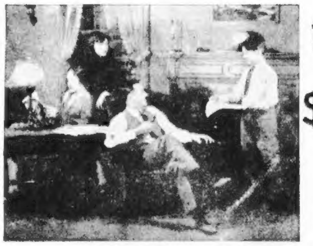

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Delicious Pancakes in Party Dress

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE pancake is a food staple in almost every land. Thick and floury in England, thin and delicate in France, made small in America, baked large and circular in Sweden, the pancake might make just claims to being the one best liked national dish. In our country the pancake is almost limited to a breakfast dish, while in other countries it is often so disguised and fancified that it becomes a dessert.

With the setting in definitely of colder weather for several months to come, the pancake should be used, not abused by the housewife who is interested in giving her family hearty, chill-resisting foods, without making the food budget mount too high. Pancakes are just as suitable for luncheon as for breakfast, and in their more glorified forms provide a delicious, economical and satisfying finale to the home dinner.

First let's look the pancake straight in its flat, and prettily golden face! No matter of what type, it consists of a batter of flour, liquid, eggs, and seasonings. Its consistency may vary, but it should never be either soggy, heavy or rubbery. The first pancake trick is the combination of the ingredients in such a way as to keep as many air bubbles inclosed as possible before baking. This means that the heavy stirring should be done before adding the eggs, as after the eggs are added, the batter should be baked quickly.

I was once fortunate to have as an assistant a young woman who made cakes which quite literally melted in the mouth. Watching her often, I noted that she blended the flour, milk, yellows of eggs first, together with the flavorings, beat the whites to a stiff foam separately, then merely folded the whites in carelessly and baked at once. This method is the best for all variations of the usual American stack of wheats, flannel cakes, cornmeal cakes, etc., etc.

Another trick is to add whatever fat or shortening is to be used, melted and hot, and the very last moment before adding the final beaten whites. This pouring of the sizzling melted butter, for example, into the already well stirred and beaten batter (minus the whites) makes for a better blending.

And now comes the matter of baking, which in the case of pancakes, as with almost all cooking, is the real crux and secret of a successful product. No matter what type of griddle or surface is used, it must be thoroughly heated through, before any baking is done. Everyone knows how much better the last half of the cakes cook. They are lighter, brown more easily, are more uniform, etc.

And next, that exact right and even temperature must be steadily maintained! The two mistakes most commonly made by the housewife are: not to wait until the iron is sufficiently preheated, and again, to forget that once the iron is so preheated, that the flame should be kept moderate to avoid burning or insufficient time for the pancake to rise.

Experts disagree on the material of the cooking surface, just as they do on all other points. Soapstone is the old traditional surface, which cannot be excelled; iron, genuine heavy iron, is likewise good because it holds heat so effectively; aluminum is a newer metal which likewise gives a smooth surface, and, once heated, gives the held heat which this baking requires.

A griddle should always be kept a griddle! This is one place where it is unwise to make a jack-of-all-dishes out of the griddle, for kept to its own special uses, it remains, or rather improves the older it becomes. And do NOT cleanse it with abrasives. Too many housewives scour their lives, their hands and their pans away. A cooking surface to make a perfect griddle should never be scratched and rubbed. If handled rightly the smooth satin surface of any type of griddle needs only a swab with soft paper, or a towel. Leave well enough alone!

Another suggestion which many women have already adopted: use a pitcher for pouring the batter, and do not try the ineffective and sloppy method of ladling from a mixing bowl. Or use the mixing bowl which has a wide pouring lip.

There is a four-squared frying pan, or griddle, which will make the pancakes square—and modernistic—as well as circular. In most of the recipes from foreign lands, the pancake is cooked the full size of the circular dimensions of the skillet or griddle, then skilfully picked up, tossed, and made into a thin roll, to be eaten with jam, lemon juice and sugar, etc.

In olden days a pancake party was a form of village entertainment. Why not today when electric griddles make this sort of informal home entertaining a jolly matter? Nothing is more suitable for the informal Sunday breakfast form of entertaining—nothing so inexpensive—as a menu featuring some form of pancake, small sausage, good coffee, and fruit juice or fruit cup.

Vary the recipe by employing whole wheat and unusual flours. Cornmeal deserves to head the list, as no other meal gives quite the same pleasing nutty texture and flavor; rice pancakes are delicate; bread pancakes help use up the inevitable left-overs of bread; potatoes have been a stand-by of other countries for centuries and should not be forgotten here; cottage or cream cheese may add to the novelty of the pancake as a filling or stuffing; minced nuts, flavored sugars, whipped cream, jams, and grated lemon rind, will all aid in glorifying the pancake.

And a word about prepared flours—they will enable the busy housewife to make pancakes in the shortest time, and with least possibility of failure. However, let the materials be fresh, never allowed to stand with tops off for weeks in the pantry. The fresher the ingredients, the more rapidly the cake is made after it is beaten, the more delicious the result.

Passing to the most familiar type of rolled pancake, we see that it is the number of beaten eggs which makes the lightness, as in this recipe for Swedish Pancakes:

4 eggs.
4 cups milk.
2 cups flour.
1 tablespoon sugar.
½ teaspoon salt.

Blend milk, sugar, salt, flour well. Beat eggs thoroughly. Add eggs well beaten to first mixture. Batter should be thin. Bake in large heated skillet, until brown on both sides. Spread about 8 pancakes with tart jam or marmalade and pile one above another. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar and minced nut meats. Divide into large wedge-shaped portions.

Cherry Pancakes: Use above or similar thin batter and pour into small skillet. While one side is browning add minced canned sour cherries and some of the juice. Turn pancake, and serve with powdered sugar.

German Pancakes: Make a thin batter of 2 eggs, beaten, 2 cups flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 cups milk. Blend ½ cup soft cottage cheese with ¼ cup sweet cream and ½ cup plumped seedless raisins. Bake pancakes medium size on both sides. Roll, placing a spoon of the cream mixture inside. Dry out a few moments in warming oven. Or fill with minced black walnuts or pecans blended with whipped cream, roll up, and serve at once.

Stag Pancakes: To 1 cup self-raising flour (not "pancake" flour) add 1 well beaten egg, ½ cup sweet milk and ¼ cup of cream. Melt best butter, the size of a large walnut, and add to the mixture. Beat only a moment, bake on a sizzling hot griddle. The mixture should be of the consistency of molasses in Winter! Increase as required and serve with honey or genuine maple syrup.

Fancy Cornmeal Flapjacks: 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup yellow (preferably stone-ground) cornmeal; 2 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 1¼ cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or bacon drippings, ⅔ cup finely minced nut meats. Add cornmeal to boiling water and boil 5 minutes. Cool, add dry ingredients sifted together, and milk. Add beaten egg, melted butter, and the nuts. Bake on hot griddle.

Potato Pancakes: 3 cups grated raw potatoes, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 3 cups milk, minced onions or parsley. Beat yolks and whites separately. Combine milk, yolks, salt, sugar and flour and beat very well to make light. Stir in potato slowly. Fold in whites delicately. Bake on very hot griddle, and scatter onions or parsley on cake as one side is browning. Bake on reverse side. Serve with Winter meats.

WHEN SHE NEEDED IT MOST
MY HOUSE DOES LOOK NICE AND CLEAN FOR THE HOLIDAYS. BUT NO ONE USES WHITE CURTAINS ANY MORE AND I CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES.
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THAT RIT DISSOLVED AS FAST AS LOAF SUGAR DOES IN THIS TEA
AND JUST LOOK AT YOUR WINDOWS NOW! THIS ROOM IS MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE.
YOU, TOO, CAN BE SURE OF PERFECT RESULTS, FOR NEW INSTANT RIT DISSOLVES COMPLETELY WHICH PREVENTS STREAKS OR SPOTS. GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS USE RIT FOR LINENS, LINGERIE, DRESSES—EVERYTHING. AND WHITE RIT, THE ORIGINAL COLOR REMOVER, TAKES OUT SPOTS AND STAINS FROM WHITE GOODS AND REMOVES ALL COLORS, HARMLESSLY—EVEN BLACK. I KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY USING IT AND SAVING MONEY TOO.
WHITE RIT Color Remover
Takes Old Color Out
INSTANT RIT dissolves in 40 seconds
Puts New Color In
At all drug and notion counters — large size only 15c.
33 smart Paris shades that last like fast dyes.
Also WHITE RIT—the original color remover.
NO LONGER A SOAP—RIT NOW DISSOLVES COMPLETELY

The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

(Continued from Page 18)

with him—that she was a toy, rather than a woman.

Marriage, she felt, was not exactly what she had dreamed.

There were other things which puzzled her. Here in the beautiful villa high above the town, even when she wandered in the colorful gardens, she had a sense of restriction. The great iron gates, beautifully modeled and of exquisite design, always were guarded by an Arab servant.

One day Mollie had dressed herself in sport clothes for a walk up the long, white road which ran by the villa.

"Please open the gate," she had said to the Arab.

But he showed very white teeth and smiled and shrugged, and seemed not to understand. When Mollie tried to open the gate herself he shook his head.

"Hassam wouldn't open the gate for me today," she said to her husband when she saw him later. "I wanted to go up the road and I couldn't get out."

He caught her shoulder roughly and said, "I forbid you to go out—you understand? You must never open the gate!"

There was something fierce in his dark eyes, a roughness in his manner, and again she had the feeling she was a toy! She was frightened and he saw her shudder. He dragged her close to him and his grasp hurt. She feared his great strength. This man she had married could kill her with his long, strong fingers if he so willed. It was a terrifying thought.

Then there were other disquieting things. She knew she was not alone here in this place of beauty. She had the feeling that eyes peered at her—women's eyes! And once she had heard laughter and voices speaking a tongue she did not understand. There was a locked door leading to a part of the villa where she could not go—a part of the villa where she believed she had once caught sight of two figures on the roof. And she knew that they were women—women who were not servants.

Warren Baer once had come through that door and she had asked him what lay behind its mystery. He had been angry with her then, had pushed her back on a divan roughly, and his eyes had blazed.

"Don't be an inquisitive little fool!" he commanded roughly. "Take care!" But a moment later he kissed her.

There came the day when he told her an Englishman was to lunch with them.

"Dress yourself up and see that the table looks English," he said. The guest was coming from Baer's copper mines and his visit was purely for business. But the thought of a visitor—and an Englishman—thrilled her.

Mollie was excited as she dressed in one of her clinging white gowns and placed about her neck a chain of pearls. A cluster of gaudy flowers made the only touch of color in her toilette, but the flowers matched the beauty of her eyes and she knew she looked her best.

Just after mid-day she went into the garden, walking beneath the orange trees, and picking stray flowers along the walk. She had a woman's curiosity to see the visitor before she was seen. She would hear the gate open when he came, and she would peep through the trees and see what this Englishman looked like. It would be easy enough to slip back to the veranda in time to welcome him.

Mollie sang softly as she walked. She was happy, with an undercurrent of excitement, and the wistful look had vanished from her deep blue eyes. They danced with expectation.

Mollie heard the great gate opening and moved so she could see their guest.

The visitor was closing the gate. He held his hat in his hand and his back was toward her as she peered through a bunch of palms. What was it about that broad young back which stirred her memory?

Into the blue eyes of the girl there stole a dawning amazement. Her hand clutched at the swaying palms and she stared, uncaring now whether she were seen. The sun was shining on a fair head—a fair head where close-cropped curls were crushed into order, yet were in continual rebellion. Nobody had hair just like that—nobody but—

Then the young man turned and came up the pathway with an alert, swinging stride. She saw the clear gray eyes, the firm jaw, the tender mouth which could at times look grim. Here, coming nearer at every stride, was her first love. Michael Harding, the man whose lips had first kissed hers, the adored lover whose supposed death had changed her life, was not dead. He was here in the sunshine of Algiers, alive and well, while she was the wife of Warren Baer!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Life Not Worth Living After Mr. King Wins $75,000

TEDDINGTON, Surrey, England.

IN this small township, placidly situated by the quiet, unruffled banks of the Thames, Thomas B. King kept a small general store.

It was hard work making both ends meet—he had his moments of financial anxiety—but he was a hard worker, popular among his townsmen, and he and his family enjoyed the respect of the neighborhood.

And then he suddenly abandoned his normal and customary caution and took a $2.50 share in the Irish Sweepstakes on the Grand National Race, run at Liverpool last March.

He drew a horse called Egremont. And he won $75,000. Untold riches for a man whose previous yearly income had been but a small shadow of this amount.

At first he felt a natural elation. All life for him was to be changed. Henceforth he was to be free, independent. No more business claims—perfect freedom from ordinary business drudgery.

His friends poured in to offer their congratulations. Everyone in Teddington felt proud of the luck of their townsman. Life seemed rosy in the extreme.

But then the picture reversed itself. Instead of finding two or three letters in his mail in the morning, he found five or six hundred of them. And all of them begged for money!

Every kind of charitable institution appealed to him. Professional beggars used all their arts. Genuine hard-luck cases—by the thousand—asked for his pity and help. If he had responded to the appeals of any one day, all his winnings would have departed from him.

Not only that. The knocker of his front door was never still. From morning to night, charitable collectors, hard-ups, genuine out-of-works came knocking to appeal to his pity. Even at dusk his doorbell kept ringing.

Business at his store became impossible. Customers could not approach on account of the onslaught of beggars. Rest, concentration, thought, became impossible either day or night.

Now he has taken the short cut. He has sold his business. He has bought a pretty little villa in the town, and there he tries to evade all strangers.

When a reporter called at Mr. King's former store the other day, he found a new proprietor installed, who stated emphatically that he had given his word of honor to Mr. King not to divulge his present address.

Of course, in a little village such as Teddington, a precaution of this character is useless. Everyone knows Mr. King; every child knows his new house.

Miss King, a charming brunette, explained the position of her father to the reporter. "His win in the sweepstake has become a positive nightmare to him," she said. "He is pestered day and night for gifts and loans from people of all kinds, many of them strangers. He is scarcely able to get a few hours' sleep without the telephone bell ringing with new—and sometimes absurd—requests.

"Day by day, post by post, we are swamped by these begging letters. Not only that, but because it has become known that my father is a widower, he is besieged with proposals of marriage from women wishing to share his wealth.

"Every man with a crazy money-making scheme writes to him offering him an interest which will produce staggering results. One cheerful optimist asked for $25,000, for nothing in particular!

"And then the hard-luck cases. Some of them would make one's heart bleed—if one was only sure they were genuine. There was one case of a farmer who wrote saying that his prize sow had died, that he had lent fifty dollars to a friend who had refused to repay the loan, and that his wife had left him for another man."

But here the conversation ended abruptly. Mr. King, in person, came rushing out of his room.

"Go away!" he told the American Weekly representative. "Never come here again. I hate newspapers and all concerned with them. It is they who have been responsible for making my life a misery.

"Why can't you leave me to lead my life in peace? As it is, you have made my life a misery by spreading the story of my good fortune!"

Sweet Vengeance

By Marylyn Tomson

(Continued from Page 21)

down at the name on its collar. "J. Denning."

"Oh, so you're Peg-tops, are you?" she said aloud. "Poor old Peg-tops. How long have you been here?"

Peg-tops, hearing its name, wagged its tail again and tried to lick one of Jenny's hands. Afterwards, as though the effort had proved too much for it, it rolled over on its side.

Still the trap defied Jenny. "I must go and fetch help," she muttered. "I'll tie my scarf to the hedge as a landmark."

Peg-tops gave a hopeless sort of whine as Jenny moved away.

It tore at her heart strings. "I'm coming back, Peg-tops," she turned and said very solemnly. "Don't you understand? I'm coming back."

But evidently Peg-tops didn't understand. It whined again, as though it saw its last hope of deliverance vanishing. Jenny felt a lump rise in her throat.

She turned on her heel and literaly ran. Waddles barked joyously, as though this great race was being maintained solely for his doggy enjoyment. "That poor creature," Jenny kept murmuring to herself. "That poor, poor thing."

Dusk was coming on. It fell like a soft gray shawl upon the countryside, turning the light greens to darker greens, the gold brown of the soil to a deeper brown, the sky to a pale mauve gray.

Jenny ran on. The amber brown of her sport suit, the darker brown of her hair seemed to tone in with the countryside. She might have been a fleet-footed woodland nymph.

Her first stop was at her own house, where she shut Waddles in the living room. Then on her way to the town she had to pass Branksome. At the drive she came to a sudden halt. Wasn't Jason Denning himself the person to tell of Peg-top's plight?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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He just 'picked' at his Meals
LIVER
STOMACH
INTESTINES
When a man can't eat good wholesome food, something's wrong. Usually it's CONSTIPATION . . . say doctors!
Copyright, 1932, Standard Brands Incorporated
No appetite. Pep gone. Watch out—health's in serious danger!

"HE USED TO BE so easy to cook for. He'd eat *anything.* But now . . ."

Thousands of wives are worrying over husbands who've grown hard to please . . . "finicky" . . . often irritable.

What should they do?

Wives, if your husbands won't eat, don't let them blame your cooking. The trouble . . . in the vast majority of cases . . . is a very commonplace physical one right inside their own bodies.

The name of this trouble is . . . *Constipation!*

"If the appetite is poor—if energy is lacking—if the patient is nervous or run-down, the poisons should be cleared out of the system regularly . . . *with fresh yeast.*"

There—in essence—is what dozens of the world's most famous doctors recommend!

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast possesses certain very remarkable properties. The power to moisten and soften the clogging residues in the body . . . and to so "tone" and strengthen the intestines that these residues are got rid of easily and *regularly.*

And when wastes no longer remain to stagnate in the system, better health and appetite soon set in. Meals are better digested. Energy revives. Life has its old "kick" once more!

Isn't it well worth trying? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Doctors advise 3 cakes daily, and directions are on the label.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a Health Food thousands eat —3 Cakes a Day

Your

baby

asks your Help!

THE pregnant mother must be sure to find a *safe* way to relieve the constipation which is the usual result of having to eliminate for two. Her doctor warns her that any laxative drug or medicine she takes must be absorbed into her own blood and carried into her baby's body, for there is direct interchange between the mother's blood and that of her unborn child. In the same way, when she is nursing, if she takes medicinal laxatives she will strongly affect his little body through her milk.

Doctors approve Nujol for the constipation of pregnancy, and for the regulation of the mother's system during the nursing period and thereafter. Since Nujol is not digested at all, it cannot affect the mother's milk. Child bearing has taught thousands of women the value of safe Nujol. So they use it all through their lives to relieve constipation, finding it particularly helpful during the periodically difficult days. Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is just a colorless and tasteless lubricant, gently and surely absorbing and carrying away the waste body poisons. Take no "cheaper" substitute. Don't take chances with your baby's health!

"Mother Help Booklet"

Before and After Baby Comes

FREE

Send for it now

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2 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me FREE booklet, "Before and After Baby Comes."

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Address ____________

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YOU can make any kind of flower you wish easily, perfectly, right at home. To prove it, Dennison will send you, FREE, complete directions, patterns, materials, everything you need to make a lovely bouquet of sweet peas. When you see how easily and quickly you can make them of the new Dennison Crepe, you will want to go right on making gorgeous roses, flaming poppies, golden jonquils—all your favorite flowers for home decoration, for gifts, to sell. Send coupon below.

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Added strength and added beauty make the New Dennison Crepe more workable, more durable—more satisfactory in every way for flowers, crafts and decoration. It has a correct range of 48 colors which supply artistic combinations in almost endless variety. Get it in the new package, shown here, at stationery, department and drug stores.

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Framingham, Mass.

Please send me *free* instructions and materials for making Sweet Peas.

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..*Crepe Paper Flower Making* ..*Crepe Paper Costumes* ..*Decorating Halls and Booths* ..*Party Table Decorations* ..*Color Guide for Decorations*

THE NEW Dennison Crepe

Economical Tested Pastry Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Flaky Pastry.

MIX and sift 1 cup pastry flour and ⅓ teaspoon salt. Work in 2½ tablespoons lard with tips of fingers or two forks. Moisten the dough with ice water, using about 6 tablespoons. Turn out on lightly floured board, dredge with flour, pat and roll thin. Dot with 2½ tablespoons lard, fold pastry like an envelope, press edges firmly together and roll thin. Fold again and roll. Repeat three times. Roll thin. This quantity is sufficient for one pie with two crusts or two pies with one crust.

Suggestions for Fruit Pies With Two Crusts.

ROLL a piece of pastry about ⅛ inch thick and a little larger than the pie plate. Place on plate, press lightly to fit plate. Fill pastry lined plate with fruit sweetened and flavored to taste, brush edge of pastry with cold water, cover with top crust, prick several times with fork, press down upper crust under lower crust all around edge and decorate edge with tines of fork. Bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes, reducing heat last 10 or 15 minutes.

Plain Pastry.

MIX and sift 1½ cups pastry flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Work in ½ cup shortening with tips of fingers or two forks. Gradually add ice water to make a stiff dough. Chill in ice box. Turn out on a lightly floured board and roll thin.

Variety in Flavoring Pies.

VARY flavoring of pies by changing spices or flavoring according to taste. Apple pies may be flavored with lemon juice, nutmeg or cinnamon; mock cherry pies are good with almond flavoring; blackberry pie is good with nutmeg, blueberries with ginger, raspberries with cinnamon, cranberries with ginger, dates with nutmeg, etc.

Whole Wheat Pastry.

TO 1 cup fine whole wheat flour, ½ cup pastry flour and 1 teaspoon salt add 3 tablespoons lard and mix with two forks or tips of fingers. Moisten to a stiff dough with ice water. Roll out on lightly floured board, dot with ½ cup softened butter, fold like an envelope and roll thin. Fold and roll thin three times. Chill in ice box and roll as desired.

Whole Wheat Nut Crackers.

ROLL whole wheat pastry thin, cut in small squares, bake until delicately brown, brush with egg white diluted with 1 teaspoon cold water, and sprinkle with chopped nuts seasoned to taste with salt. Set in oven to brown nut meats.

Apple Pie.

LINE a pie plate with pastry. Thinly slice 5 tart apples. Mix ⅔ cup sugar, a grating of nutmeg, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and a little grated lemon rind. Place thinly sliced apples in pastry lined pan, sprinkle with the sugar mixture and dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Cover with pastry rolled out about ⅛ inch thick. Prick several times. Bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes, reducing heat during the last ten minutes.

Berry Pies.

LINE a pie plate with pastry, sprinkling pastry with 1 tablespoon fine bread crumbs. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 3 cups loganberries, blackberries, raspberries, or blueberries and sprinkle with ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon fine crumbs, ¼ teaspoon any desired spice and 1 tablespoon butter. Put on top crust, prick with fork and bake in rather quick oven.

Pumpkin Pie.

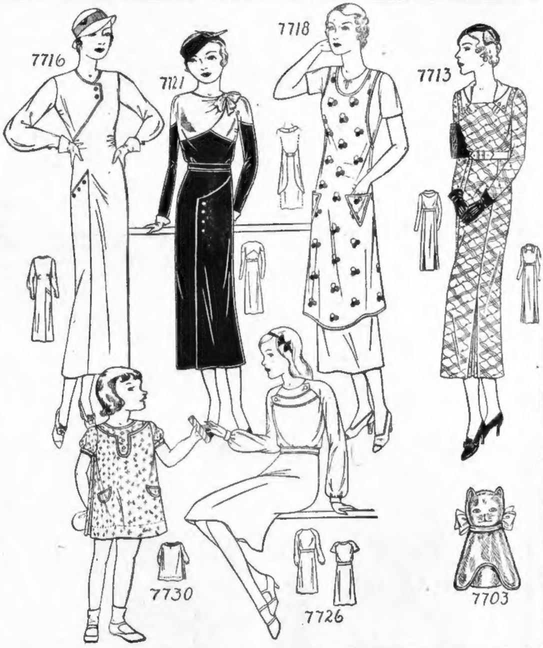
TO 1½ cups strained steamed pumpkin add ⅝ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 beaten eggs and 2 cups rich milk. Broken nut meats may be added if desired. Turn into a pastry lined pie plate. Bake in a rather hot oven at first to set the pastry, reduce the heat and bake until filling is delicately firm. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Prepared Cereal, Baked Bacon, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Oranges, Scrambled Eggs with Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, French Toast, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Savory Omelet, Graham Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Sausage Balls, Popovers or Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Rolls.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Cream of Potato Soup, Wafers, Asparagus Salad, Toast, Fruit Jelly, Tea or Cocoa:	*Luncheon* Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce, Cabbage and Raisin Salad, Brown Bread, Tea or Milk.	*Luncheon* Corn Pudding, Rolls, Apple Sauce, Molasses Cookies, Tea or Milk.	*Luncheon* Boston Baked Beans, Savory Celery Salad, Brown Bread, Plum Conserve, Tea.	*Luncheon* Creamed Asparagus on Toast, Tomato and Cottage Cheese Salad, Prune Trifle, Hermits, Tea.	*Luncheon* Lima Beans in Casserole, Muffins, Jellied Grape Fruit Salad, Whole Wheat Nut Crackers, Tea.	*Dinner* Frosted Grapes, Roast Chicken with Dressing, Giblet Gravy, Rice, Green Vegetable, Cranberry Jelly, Pumpkin Pie Spread with Honey and Whipped Cream or Chocolate Bavarian Cream, Coffee.
Dinner Liver and Bacon, Creamed Potatoes, Waldorf Salad, Squash Tarts with Honey and Whipped Cream or Fruit Souffle with Custard Sauce.	*Dinner* Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Potatoes, Egg Plant Delicious, Apple Pie (Pastry Left from Squash Tarts), Cheese.	*Dinner* Swiss Steak, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Onions, Hot Biscuits, Caramel Blac Mange, Half Cups Coffee.	*Dinner* Pork Chops Baked with Apples, Scalloped Potatoes or Baked Macaroni, Buttered Broccoli or Beans, Corn Bread Sticks, Steamed Graham Pudding with Sterling Sauce.	*Dinner* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Salmon Loaf with Buttered Peas, Riced Paprika Potatoes, Cabbage Chiffonade Salad, Banana Cream Pudding.	*Dinner* Stuffed Beef Heart, Candied Sweet Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered Turnips, Shredded Lettuce and Grated Raw Carrot Salad, Raisin Tapioca Cream.	*Supper* Surprise Potatoes, Pear, Watercress and Romaine Salad, Russian Dressing, Crackers, Cocoa, Cookies.

American Weekly Patterns



A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (7716). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

AN UP-TO-DATE MODEL (7721). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches. Size 15 will require 3⅛ yards of 35-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

A PLEASING APRON (7718). Designed in 1 size: Medium. It will require 1¼ yards 35 inches wide. To finish with bias binding will require 7½ yards 1½ inches wide.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7730). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 2¼ yards of 29-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 1⅞ yards.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7726). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 if made as in the large view (with long sleeves) will require 2⅜ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 1⅞ yards. To finish the trimming bands with insertion or veining will require 1⅝ yards.

PLAY FRIEND OR CUSHION (7703). Designed in 1 size. It requires ½ yard of material at least 32 inches wide. The bow of ribbon requires ⅞ yard.

A SMART STYLE (7713). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 32, 34, 36, 38), also in 40 and 42 bust. Size 18 requires 4 yards of 35-inch material, together with ½ yard of contrasting material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15 cents in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
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FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

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7703......1 Size | 7713.......Size
7726......Years

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If you desire a copy of our NEW WINTER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IT'S EASY TO STARCH NOW!

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QUICK
ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

Quick Elastic will surprise you no matter how expert you are in making hot starch with the lump kind. One spoonful equals two or more of lump. It's complete with everything all powdered to downy fineness for clear, hot starch of any strength. No cooking! Dilute to suit your need. It restores elasticity and makes things look and feel new. Makes your iron fairly glide!

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 304, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."
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Expectant Mothers

Ask your doctor about this remarkable new oil

We would like all expectant mothers and all new mothers to ask their doctors about the great advance that Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil has brought to the safety of babies and the comfort of expectant mothers.

This oil protects babies as they have never been protected before. Used for the daily oil rub throughout babyhood, it gives the baby's entire body a *covering which kills germs when they come in contact with it.* It keeps the baby lovely and sweet; gives him a better color; prevents infections, rashes and irritations (especially in the diaper region) and keeps his skin comfortable and free from itching. It cannot grow rancid, it is pleasantly scented, and it "soaks into" the skin without greasy residue to stain clothes or bed linen.

Altho this oil was introduced only recently, hundreds of maternity hospitals are already giving all their babies a complete rub with it every day. And doctors everywhere are prescribing it.

The oil is also a great boon to expectant mothers themselves. It allays itching and relieves the dryness of skin so common during pregnancy; and it is ideal for the daily massage of the nipples which is now advised in late pregnancy.

FREE—For your own sake and for that of your baby, you ought to have this remarkable new oil in your home. You can have a week's supply free—also Mennen Borated Talcum, the talcum that has been used on more babies than any other. Just write your name in the margin and mail to Dept. A-6, The Mennen Co., 345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

MENNEN *Antiseptic* BABY OIL
and BORATED TALCUM

Maternity STYLE BOOK *Free*

Stylish Apparel for the Expectant Mother and the Baby
1932-1933
Lane Bryant New York

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes will enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing very latest fashions in Coats, Dresses and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent to you free. *Write for it today.*

LANE BRYANT Address Dept. 127 Fifth Ave. at 39th St. NEW YORK

Now Every Woman can Afford these Lovely Things

Stockings and Underwear, Alluring and Dainty, are now Available at Prices Everyone Can Pay . . . all because of Chardonize, a New Textile with a Soft, Dull Lustre all its Own.

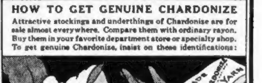
BEAUTIFUL stockings and garments, satisfying her eternal desire to dress well *underneath*... these are what every woman wants, whether she is rich or poor. Whether she wants them for her own satisfaction or for the admiration they inspire, the fact remains that she wants them... always.

These luxuries, dear to the feminine heart, are available this year at amazingly small cost. Chardonize, the famous new dull-lustre textile, makes this possible. For Chardonize, whose tiny threads are considered by many to be more beautiful than silk, is selling today at unbelievably low prices. These low manufacturing prices are reflected in the prices you pay for stockings and underthings. The wearability of Chardonize and its natural resistance to tubbing assure long service. Chardonize is today helping millions of smart thrifty women to dress well and, at the same time, save money. Let Chardonize begin helping you... to new loveliness and new economy—this very week.

Stockings of CHARDONIZE *as little as* 20c
Fancy constructions slightly more
Tailored Underthings of CHARDONIZE *as low as* 49c
Trimmed or applique slightly more

HOW TO GET GENUINE CHARDONIZE

Attractive stockings and underthings of Chardonize are for sale almost everywhere. Compare them with ordinary rayon. Buy them in your favorite department store or specialty shop. To get genuine Chardonize, insist on these identifications:



On Stockings, the name is stamped plainly on the foot.
On Underwear, it appears on a label sewn to the garment.

Stockings-Underthings *made of* CHARDONIZE (Pronounced Shar-don-eeze).

Chardonize yarn is manufactured by the Tubize Chatillon Corporation, 2 Park Avenue, New York and sold to leading manufacturers of hosiery and underwear throughout the United States

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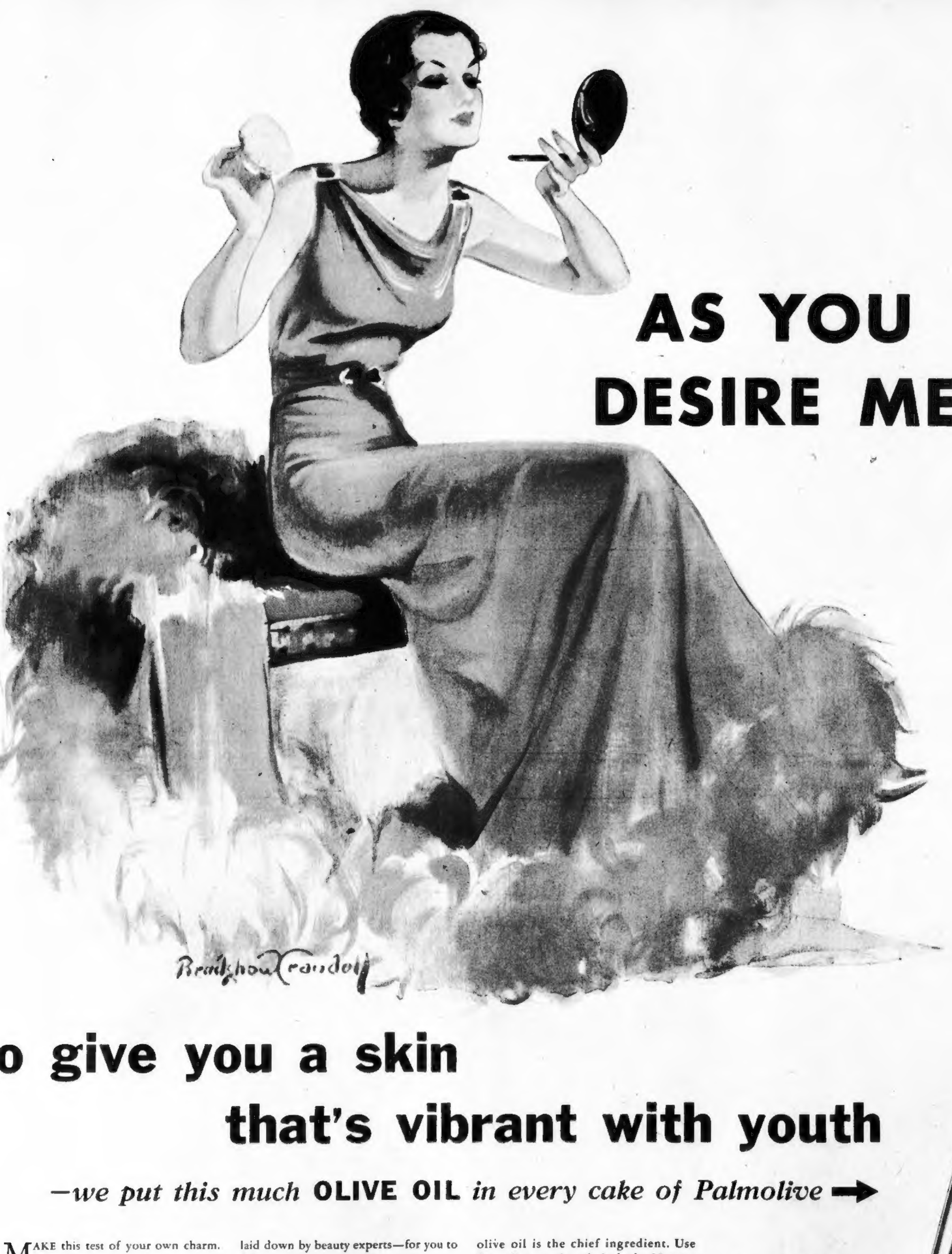

AS YOU DESIRE ME

to give you a skin that's vibrant with youth

—we put this much **OLIVE OIL** *in every cake of Palmolive* →

MAKE this test of your own charm. Touch your skin. Is it as you would have it—soft, smooth, youthful—firm yet yielding to your fingertips? Thus you can judge, exactly, how it appeals to others.

You can win charm

The power is yours to emphasize youth—to remain young-looking indefinitely. You can have a youthful skin—smooth, firm, enticing. One simple rule has been laid down by beauty experts—for you to follow.

Olive oil for youth!

Olive oil soothes, smooths and softens skin. It tones skin to youthful firmness. It has always been the world's great cosmetic oil because it is the great youth giver.

But how to use it? More than 20,000 beauty experts say — in soap — in Palmolive, the one great soap of which olive oil is the chief ingredient. Use Palmolive on the whole body. Massage its rich youth-giving lather right into the skin. Rinse with plenty of cold water.

You'll see the result!

Your reward will be a skin that's vibrant with youth! Palmolive does make skin young, as only a soap based on olive oil can. The charm you want—youthful, fresh—that something which makes you, keeps you desirable—use Palmolive and have it!

An Actual Photograph
Palmolive contains only vegetable oils—no artificial coloring. Photo shows actual amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion